

THE TATLER

& Bystander

NOVEMBER 11
1955

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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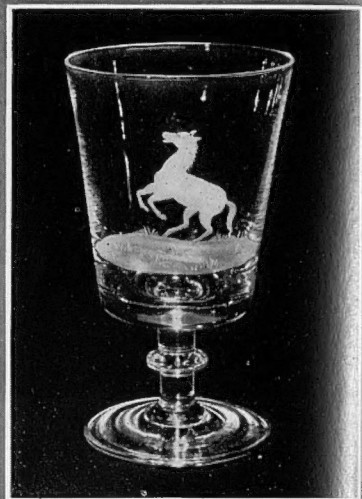
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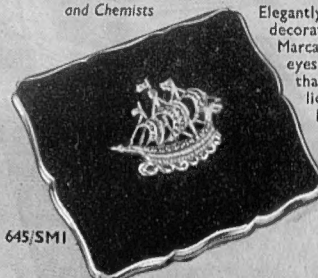


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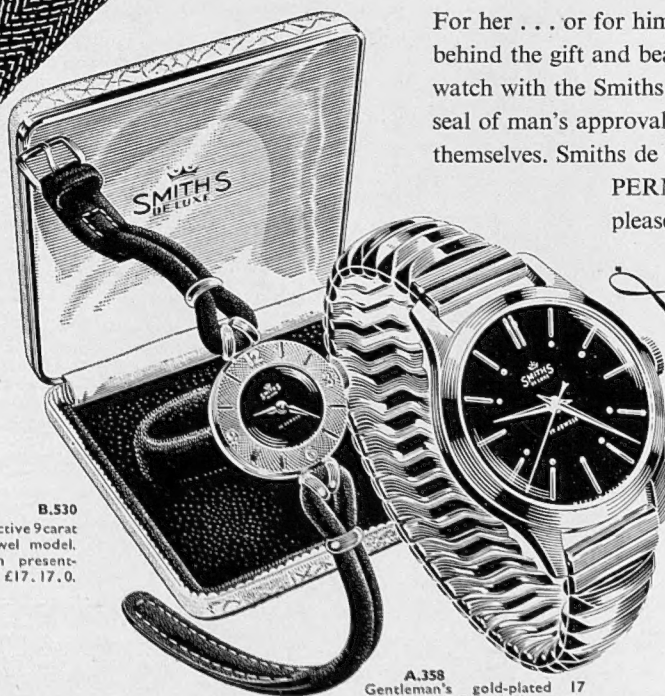
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It's a strenuous game!

Tensely following every twist and brilliant manoeuvre, we onlookers too, share in our way the rigours of the game. It's a good thing that the lunch-basket contained supplies of coffee, alerting brain and nerve, fitting us to play a keenly appreciative part. So much the better that it was Nescafé. For Nescafé always ensures perfectly-made coffee, full of stimulating, roaster-fresh goodness.

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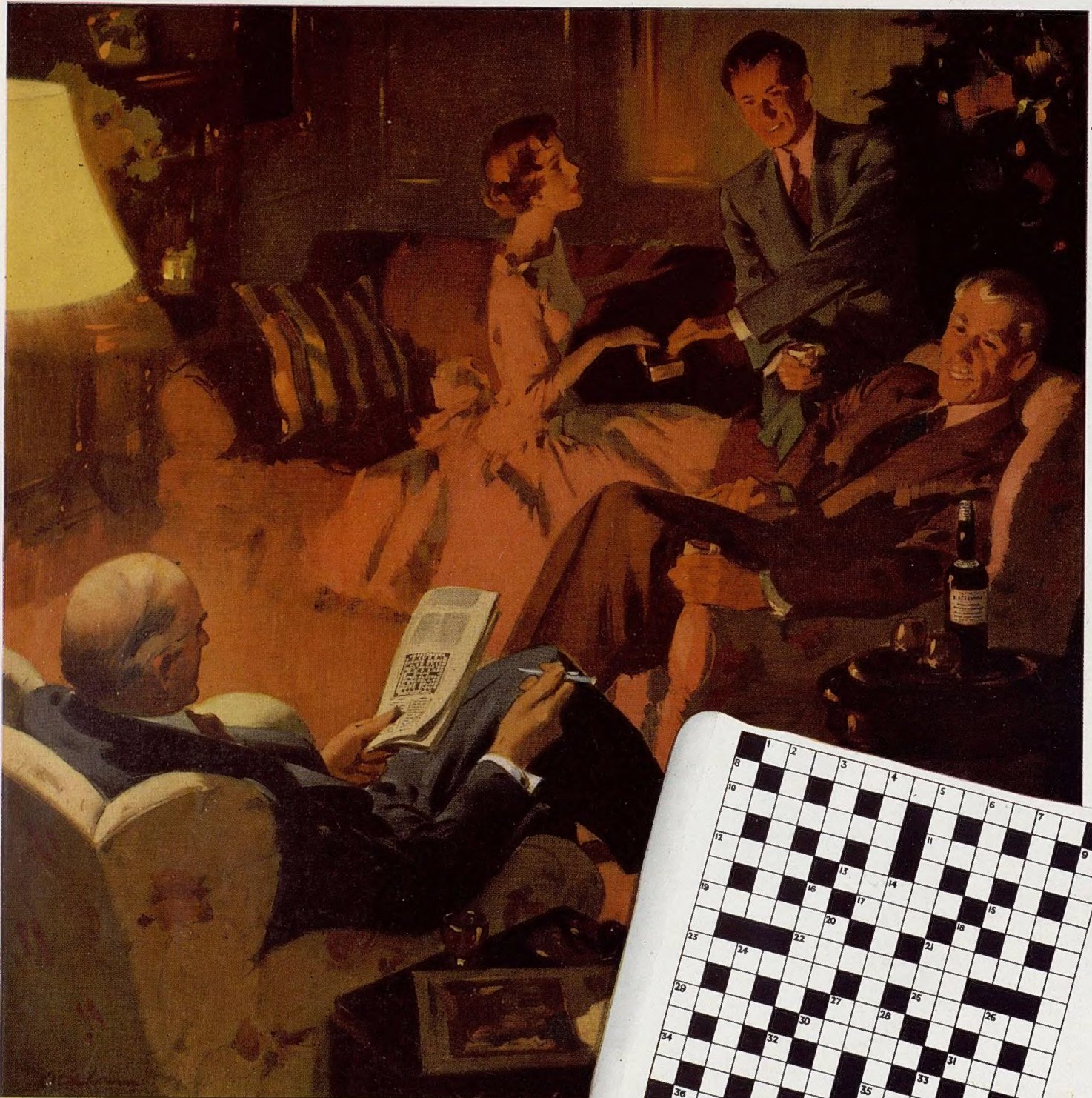
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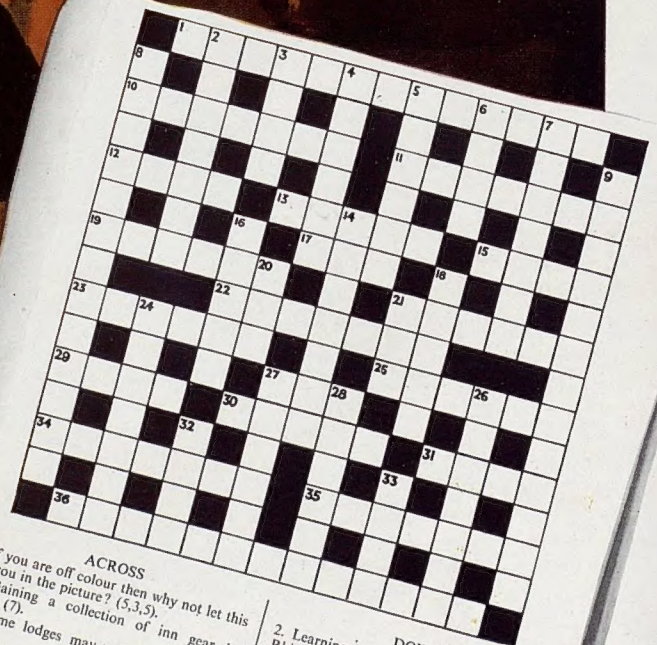
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ACROSS

1. If you are off colour then why not let this put you in the picture? (5,3,5).
10. Gaining a collection of inn gear by effort. (7).
11. Some lodges may require this epithet. (7).
12. A merry and cheerful air. (4).
13. The right mixture with the right finish. (5).
15. What is this has no superior. (4).
17. In need of good cheer, obviously. (3).
19. A drink that, from its name, seems likely to create a stir. (6).
21. One might think it a bit thick to be offered this as a pleasant drink. (6).
22. A description classically windy. (7).
23. Last out, with a trying end. (6).
25. It very easily gets lit up. (6).
27. If you get the bird, shut up! (3).
29. They are as high up as their reversal is low down. (4).
30. A town's alias as back to spirit it goes. (5).
31. Not for a feature in ocean tides. (4).
34. He will not admit that absolute perfection is unattainable. (7).
35. Do you remember the Frothblower's Chorus? This is a word from it. (7).
36. People whom we love to entertain. (7,6).

DOWN

2. Learning started this feature from the Rhine. (7).
3. Orally double this feature when about to drink. (4).
4. These old coins should have been used for very good purposes only. (6).
5. Mean makings in divinesetting to ask for. (6).
6. The entertaining fellow who likes to go across. (4).
7. If you do not want to be done brown avoid such currency! (7).
8. That appeal to the palate that is born of maturity. (6,7).
9. Canine friends that show a commendable spirit. (5,8).
14. What is this cannot be the 23 across. (7).
16. Decree of United Kingdom on sea changes. (5).
18. To tuck in in bed would upset this bracer. (5).
20. Part of a baby's layette. (3).
21. Something to go with a roll, at the right time and place. (3).
24. The Polo equivalent of excellent. (3,4).
26. He is usually looking down in the mouth, poor fellow. (7).
27. He is certainly unchristian, and may nip if disturbed. (6).
28. Its use is no new fashion in the kitchen, nevertheless this seasons. (6).
32. Try this over to find out. (4).
33. Not confined to description of what even paupers can have. (4).



THE TATLER

and Bystander



CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

The Greetings of the Season

Translated and recorded (together with a Choice Cut) by various scholars speaking All the Reputable Continental Tongues.

CAROLS

The Notable Catch: THE TWELVE DAYS
Choicely Decorated for the First Time by

Miss JUDITH BLEDSOE

GRACE

A New Verse inscribed for the Festival
by the Renowned Poet

Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN



THE FEAST



A Rich Meal for **CHRISTMAS** meticulously contrived by
the MASTER COOKS of the TOWN to which will be added a Selection of WINES and
RARE CHEESES disclosed by

Mr. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

of THIS Journal

3 TALES OF YULETIDE

Christmas Past . by Mr. MICHAEL HARRISON

Christmas Today . by Miss MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Christmas to Come . by Miss NANCY SPAIN

THE GREAT GAME

A Most Ingenious Invention, drawn by Mr. MALLET, and devised by the EDITOR for the
Diversion and Instruction of YOUNG and OLD. To be WAGERED on NIGHTLY.

"CHRISTMAS CHASE"

THE DANCE

An Unique PANORAMA of those CAPERS now in FASHION with a NOTE on their
Histories and Origins.

After which, by Special Request,

Mr. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS and **Mr. ERNEST TURNER**

will WRITE upon the SPORTS and PASTIMES CUSTOMARY (though sometimes to be deplored) in the annals
of the Realm and in the Empire and (late) American Colonies during the Revels of Deep Winter.

Mr. PAUL HOLT

will consider the

THANKSGIVING

and write especially upon the Difficult Art
of Inditing a Proper Letter to a Hostess.

MR. BRIGGS


will indicate to his Numerous Admirers a VIEW
upon the

BOXING DAY GRATUITY

and will Undergo a New Adventure.

In Addition are presented **Comic Anecdotes**, **Choice and Curious Prints**, the Talk of The Court
and numberless **Other joys** especially created to **Delight**.

All our Industrious Clerks commend themselves and present their Humble Duty upon this Occasion to
The Reader



From all to everyone—

Greetings in Season

Christmas" is as old as winter, and wherever on the world's surface men have been able to see the apparent sinking of the sun lower and lower "into the sea beyond the horizon," they have—each year—rejoiced to observe (at what we now know to be the day after the annual winter solstice) the "re-birth" of the "dying sun."

Feasting, dressing-up, presents—and, curiously enough, twelve days of festival, as we still keep them—were as much a part of Babylonian "Christmases," 4,000 years ago, as they are of our modern Yules.

Greetings, of course. . . . Some have been preserved. "*Io Saturnalia!*" the revellers of Imperial Rome shouted on December 17—and for eleven days thereafter. "*Wassail!*" and "*Drink-hail!*" shouted our own earthy ancestors.

What some of our more polished contemporaries say to friends at Christmas and New Year you may read below. . . .

GERMANY

"Glückliche Weihnachten!" Yule-conscious Teutons shout to each other throughout a vast country which stretches from near-Slav on the East to near-Gallic on the West. The modern European Christmas owes much to the German prototype, but even today there are German Christmas customs which are peculiar to Germany. In the West, the personification of Divine Law comes in the person of a girl dressed up as "Frau Berchta," bearing her basket full of presents. But with her comes the black-faced demon with his broom—the terrible "Hans Tripp"—with smacks for the naughty children whom "Frau Berchta" can't reward.

In the East, where Germany marches with Poland and Russia, they send each other *oplatki*—sweet wafers—as we send Christmas cards. They also, as their Polish neighbours do, strew hay under the Christmas dinner-table, in memory of the hay in which Our Saviour lay.

FRANCE

"Joyeux Noël!" say the French, and contrive to make it—even in the darkest days of national defeat—elegant, as well as joyous. As a nation of such classic Latin tradition (though not, as is so often said, of Latin race) the French still treat New Year's Day as more important than Christmas Day, but ever since Princess Hélène of Mecklenburg introduced

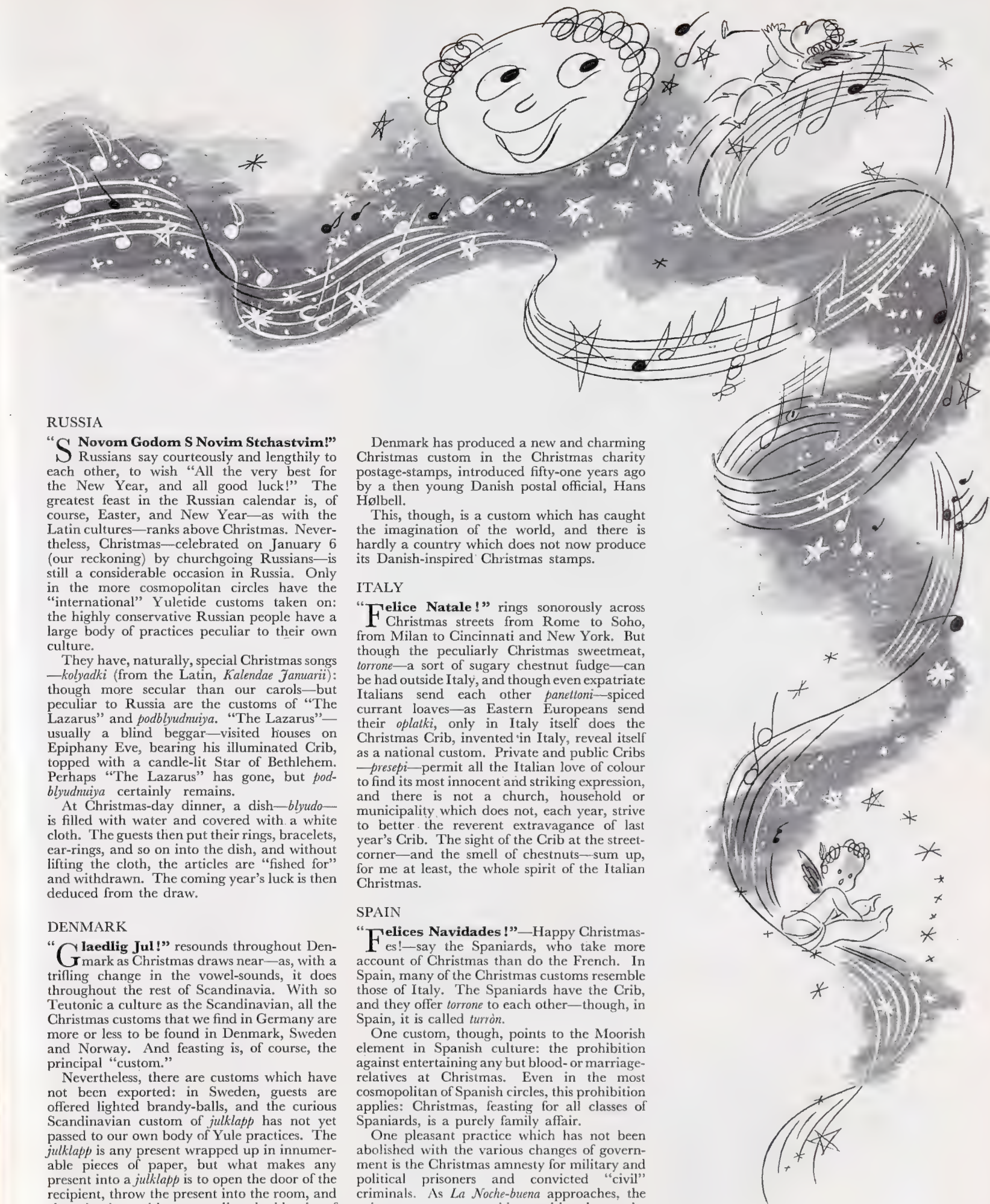
the Christmas Tree about 1840, the "English" Christmas has been increasing its hold on French affections.

Most pleasant custom—and one which might be advantageously copied here: Bachelors send boxes of *bons-bons* to those who have entertained them during the year just past. Latin culture is evident in the name of these gifts: *étrennes*, the hardly altered word that the Romans used—*strenae*—for their end-of-year presents.

FINLAND

"Hauskaa Joulua!"—Happy Christmas!—says Finnish boy to Finnish girl. The Finns speak a non-Indo-European language, but their customs owe much to their long association in the past with Sweden. The Swedish *Lussi*, or *Lussibruden*—"the Lucy Bride"—is a familiar Christmas figure in Finland. Wearing a wire crown, wreathed with whortleberry twigs, and bearing nine lighted candles, "Lussi," in her white robe with a red sash, knocks up the household at dawn. All sing a "Lussi" song, and take a sweet drink or coffee from the tray that she carries.

Once the Finns used to go to dawn-service on Christmas morning, but now the custom is for the household to go to church on Christmas Eve, and return to a dinner lavish as only Northern standards of feasting can make it.



RUSSIA

"S Novom Godom S Novim Stchastvimi!"
Russians say courteously and lengthily to each other, to wish "All the very best for the New Year, and all good luck!" The greatest feast in the Russian calendar is, of course, Easter, and New Year—as with the Latin cultures—ranks above Christmas. Nevertheless, Christmas—celebrated on January 6 (our reckoning) by churchgoing Russians—is still a considerable occasion in Russia. Only in the more cosmopolitan circles have the "international" Yuletide customs taken on: the highly conservative Russian people have a large body of practices peculiar to their own culture.

They have, naturally, special Christmas songs—*kolyadki* (from the Latin, *Kalendae Januarii*): though more secular than our carols—but peculiar to Russia are the customs of "The Lazarus" and *podblyudnuiya*. "The Lazarus"—usually a blind beggar—visited houses on Epiphany Eve, bearing his illuminated Crib, topped with a candle-lit Star of Bethlehem. Perhaps "The Lazarus" has gone, but *podblyudnuiya* certainly remains.

At Christmas-day dinner, a dish—*blyudo*—is filled with water and covered with a white cloth. The guests then put their rings, bracelets, ear-rings, and so on into the dish, and without lifting the cloth, the articles are "fished for" and withdrawn. The coming year's luck is then deduced from the draw.

DENMARK

"Glaedlig Jul!" resounds throughout Denmark as Christmas draws near—as, with a trifling change in the vowel-sounds, it does throughout the rest of Scandinavia. With so Teutonic a culture as the Scandinavian, all the Christmas customs that we find in Germany are more or less to be found in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. And feasting is, of course, the principal "custom."

Nevertheless, there are customs which have not been exported: in Sweden, guests are offered lighted brandy-balls, and the curious Scandinavian custom of *julklapp* has not yet passed to our own body of Yule practices. The *julklapp* is any present wrapped up in innumerable pieces of paper, but what makes any present into a *julklapp* is to open the door of the recipient, throw the present into the room, and close the door without revealing the identity of the giver. In upper-class circles, the *julklapp* is delivered at houses by two old people, the man and woman both being masked. The old man knocks at the door, and the old woman hands in the *julklapp* from her basket.

Denmark has produced a new and charming Christmas custom in the Christmas charity postage-stamps, introduced fifty-one years ago by a then young Danish postal official, Hans Høibell.

This, though, is a custom which has caught the imagination of the world, and there is hardly a country which does not now produce its Danish-inspired Christmas stamps.

ITALY

"Felice Natale!" rings sonorously across Christmas streets from Rome to Soho, from Milan to Cincinnati and New York. But though the peculiarly Christmas sweetmeat, *torrone*—a sort of sugary chestnut fudge—can be had outside Italy, and though even expatriate Italians send each other *panettoni*—spiced currant loaves—as Eastern Europeans send their *oplatki*, only in Italy itself does the Christmas Crib, invented in Italy, reveal itself as a national custom. Private and public Crib—*presepi*—permit all the Italian love of colour to find its most innocent and striking expression, and there is not a church, household or municipality which does not, each year, strive to better the reverent extravagance of last year's Crib. The sight of the Crib at the street-corner—and the smell of chestnuts—sum up, for me at least, the whole spirit of the Italian Christmas.

SPAIN

"Felices Navidades!"—Happy Christmas—say the Spaniards, who take more account of Christmas than do the French. In Spain, many of the Christmas customs resemble those of Italy. The Spaniards have the Crib, and they offer *torrone* to each other—though, in Spain, it is called *turrón*.

One custom, though, points to the Moorish element in Spanish culture: the prohibition against entertaining any but blood- or marriage-relatives at Christmas. Even in the most cosmopolitan of Spanish circles, this prohibition applies: Christmas, feasting for all classes of Spaniards, is a purely family affair.

One pleasant practice which has not been abolished with the various changes of government is the Christmas amnesty for military and political prisoners and convicted "civil" criminals. As *La Noche-buena* approaches, the prison governors, taking with them the *defensores* or advocates, visit the cells, and hold a sort of drum-head judicial examination. Rarely does "Holy Night" pass without some poor fellow being made the happier for regained liberty.

Three Decembe

The brightness and grief of a great Royal destiny

1840

ON February 10, 1840, Queen Victoria had married her "dear Albert." She had married almost in haste—but there was to be no repentance in post-marital leisure. Victoria had truly fallen in love at first sight, but as this girlish, romantic love gave place, in the natural order of things, to the quieter affection of the long-married wife, no disillusionment came to cause Victoria the least regret that she had given her heart completely to her husband.

Now, as the first Christmas of their married life approached, the young couple—she was only twenty-one; he a year older—were drawn even closer to each other by reason of the Queen's pregnancy.

No two people could have been, in the popular phrase, "more suited to each other." Both loved the warm intimacy of simple domesticity—"When," the Prince once wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, "we are not surrounded by a Court and its formalities, our life is so quiet and simple, that it would not fatigue you."

ALBERT was a singularly kindly—as well as a kind—man; perhaps we shall get near a true conception of his charm when we say that he was essentially a "fatherly" man. He was the sort of man to whom little children feel an instinctive need to run—into whose hand they feel the need fearlessly and happily to put their own.

Patient, gentle, tolerant, earnest, simple and good, "dear Albert" showed a single-mindedness, in the pursuit of love, which marked him as a man of intelligence as well. Other men have striven for fame, for power, for wealth. Albert strove to be loved. Within the narrow limits of the home, he succeeded beyond all measure.

So the young wife drew near to the time of her confinement, and the husband sought to mitigate the natural terrors of the crisis.

No one could have been more gentle: a woman—a potential or actual mother—could not have been more understanding of the frets and pangs of expectant maternity.

THE Queen's first child was born on November 21, 1840. It was a girl—and Sir Theodore Martin records the "momentary disappointment" showed by the young mother on learning that her first-born was not a boy. But he quickly adds that the disappointment was gone as soon as felt, and that both the parents knew themselves the closer in their joy at having a living token of their love.

Stockmar, the guide (and some have even called him the Svengali), of the Prince, wrote immediately:

"My dear, dear Prince. . . Suffer me again



The happy young Queen Victoria dancing with her husband Prince Albert in the romantic early days of their marriage



Delight of the Royal children as a Christmas tree was revealed at Windsor Castle in the late 1840s

at Windsor Castle

THERE are two faces to Christmas, as Dickens, with consummate artistry, showed. Some—the truly favoured ones—see only a single face; others—the truly unfortunate—see only the other. QUEEN VICTORIA was one of those to whom it is given during their lifetime to see both.

to remind you, that sleep, stillness, rest, and the exclusion of many people from her room, are just now the all-in-all for the Queen."

Albert did not need this advice. Besides, he had his own methods of restoring his beloved wife to health.

He refused to move from her side; he even declined to go to the theatre—of which he was very fond—until Victoria should be well enough again to go with him.

His infinitely tender care served its purpose well. Long before Christmas, the Queen had left her first child-bed, and was eagerly making preparations to celebrate the Feast that both she and her husband loved so well.

They left for Windsor.

"All was happiness there. The war cloud had passed away, which for many months had loomed on the horizon, and the dear delights of home had been made more precious by the young life which gave it a new and tenderer charm."

And as for their first Christmas together. . . .

"Christmas," Sir Theodore Martin recalled, "was the favourite festival of the Prince, who clung to the kindly customs of his native country, which makes it a day for the interchange of gifts, as marks of affection and goodwill. The Queen fully shared his feelings in this respect, and the same usage was then introduced into their home, and was ever afterwards continued."

"Christmas trees were set up in the Queen and the Prince's rooms, besides which were placed the gifts with which each took pleasure in surprising the other, while similar trees were set up in another room with the gifts for the household."

THEY were not all expensive, these gifts "with which each took pleasure in surprising the other." One was a little etching that the Queen made of Hayter's portrait of the Prince. And among other trifles, Albert gave his Vicky a little red morocco needlecase.

They were to have many Christmases together, but they probably never had a happier Christmas than this—the first of their married life.

"Albert brought in dearest little Pussy, in such a sweet white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which Mama (i.e., the Duchess of Kent) had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good. And as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little Love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God."

They were all at Windsor—with old friends, such as the Duke of Wellington and Prince Ernst of Leiningen—from December 6.

The Prince played often on the organ, and now he had some songs of his own composition with which to delight their guests: "Pretty Baby," to the words of Lord Fordwich, *Das Kranke Mädchen*, to Reineck's words, and a fine setting of the Anthem, "Out Of The Deep," from Psalms CXXX, vv. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6. Best of all the company loved to sing the



All who had audience with the Queen towards the end of her reign, felt that they had seen Royal dignity incarnate

chorus to the Prince's *Reiterlied*, for which his brother, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, had written the words.

The Queen wrote to King Leopold on December 14.

"We must all have trials and vexations; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing. I assure you, dear Uncle, that no one feels this more than I do."

And home was, indeed, happy in that magic Christmas of nearly 120 years ago.

1861

CHISTMAS was always Christmas with the Queen and her family; but the approaching Christmas of 1861 was to be a Christmas of a special —of an unique kind. Earlier in the year, Victoria and Albert had celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their marriage, and now—as the year drew to its end—preparations were being made to celebrate "dear Pussy's"—Princess Victoria's—twenty-first birthday. This beautiful, talented eldest daughter—the first pledge of her parents' happiest of marriages—had grown up to be an accomplished artist and musician as well as a young woman of pleasing normal gifts. "Bertie" was up at Cambridge, and though the Queen and her husband had known the sorrow of bereavement, the remaining Royal children were healthy in body as in mind. Looking back over the twenty-one years of her marriage,

the Queen could only repeat to herself the sentiment that she had expressed in writing to Uncle Leopold at the very beginning of her married life:

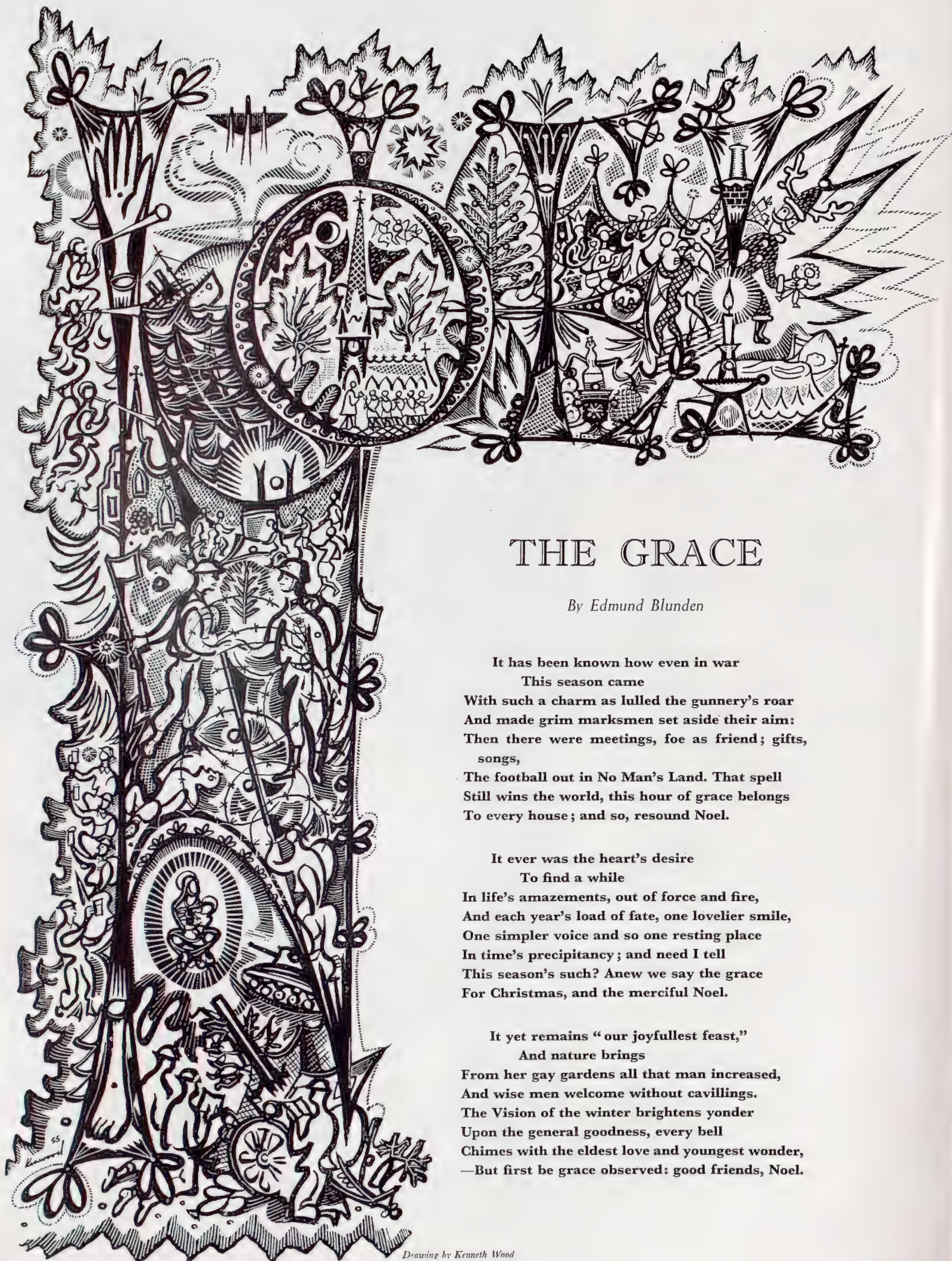
"We must all have trials and vexations; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing. . . ."

ALAS! there was a trouble in store for Victoria which was not to be put resolutely aside, since it was a trouble which was to strike at the fundamental happiness, not only of her home, but of the whole pattern of her existence.

The Prince's conscious devotion to what he conceived to be his duty had not been given without cost to him. A man less hardworking than he had been would have felt himself—at a little over forty—to have been hardly out of "youth," but the Prince knew well that he had prematurely aged himself, and (though he always carried himself with that cheerfulness which is the highest expression of the charity from which it springs) knew that he had exhausted the reserves of his strength.

The Castle was already full of the guests who had assembled for Christmas—among them the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine, the Duke of Cambridge, Earl and Countess Russell, Lord and Lady Sydney, Baron and Baroness Brunow—when the Prince fell ill.

[Continued on page 52]



THE GRACE

By Edmund Blunden

It has been known how even in war
 This season came
 With such a charm as lulled the gunnery's roar
 And made grim marksmen set aside their aim:
 Then there were meetings, foe as friend; gifts,
 songs,
 The football out in No Man's Land. That spell
 Still wins the world, this hour of grace belongs
 To every house; and so, resound Noel.

It ever was the heart's desire
 To find a while
 In life's amazements, out of force and fire,
 And each year's load of fate, one lovelier smile,
 One simpler voice and so one resting place
 In time's precipitancy; and need I tell
 This season's such? Anew we say the grace
 For Christmas, and the merciful Noel.

It yet remains "our joyfulest feast,"
 And nature brings
 From her gay gardens all that man increased,
 And wise men welcome without cavillings.
 The Vision of the winter brightens yonder
 Upon the general goodness, every bell
 Chimes with the eldest love and youngest wonder,
 —But first be grace observed: good friends, Noel.



THE THREE WISE MEN: Reproduced from an illuminated Book of Hours executed in France during the middle of the fifteenth century, and now in the possession of the British Museum

The Twelve Days of Christmas

Illustrated by
Judith Bledsoe

*ON the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A partridge in a pear tree.*



*On the second day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Two turtle doves.*

*On the third day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Three French hens.*

*On the fourth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Four calling birds.*

*On the fifth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Five golden rings.*

*On the sixth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Six geese a-laying.*





*On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me,
Seven swans a-swimming.*



*On the eighth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eight maids a-milking.*



*On the ninth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Nine ladies dancing.*



*On the tenth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Ten lords a-leaping.*



*On the eleventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eleven pipers piping.*



*ON the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.*





Christmas with the master chefs



Auguste Laplanche, of the Savoy

HELEN BURKE, for our Christmas Dinner Menu, has enlisted the co-operation of London's leading chefs. It is a double menu—à la carte, as it were, rather than table d'hôte—because there is a choice of soups and fish dishes, a choice between Turkey and Roast Beef and, in addition to Christmas Pudding and Mince Pies, there is Soufflé Glacé Mandarin for those who prefer a lighter sweet. And, for those who do not care for any kind of sweet, M. Marius Dutrey, maître chef des cuisines at The Westbury, has created a new savoury, Canapés Lucifer, specially for us.

The Christmas Pudding recipe is from M. Gabriel Tschumi, Royal Chef to Queen Mary at Marlborough House. This was Her Majesty's Christmas Pudding. The amounts given are enough for two good-sized ones—one to keep for a very special occasion during the coming year



M. Muller, of Maison Prunier

SOUP **TURTLE SOUP** (for 6 people) by M. Auguste Laplanche, Chef de Cuisine of the Savoy Restaurant.

Place 3 lb. each of veal and beef bones in a roasting tin with 2 sliced onions, 2 carrots and a little fat. Roast them lightly. Transfer to a stockpot. Add about 4 pints water, salt to taste and a few peppercorns and bring to the boil. Skim and lower the heat. Add a bag of Lusty's Turtle Herbs and Spices, a sliced leek, 2 sticks of celery, 2 bay leaves, 3 springs of thyme and a clove of garlic. Simmer very slowly for 3 hours. Strain and remove fat. Thicken with a teaspoon arrowroot, blended with a little water. Add this to the stock and it will at once clear and be cooked. Add also a small tin of Lusty's Turtle Soup. Just before serving, add a glass of Madeira and serve with a slice of lemon and paillettes.

FISH **SOLE VERONIQUE**: From Mr. Soong, chef of Wheeler's in Old Compton Street.

For six persons, you will require 12 medium-sized fillets of sole. Skin them. Make a stock with the broken fish bones, the heads and skin, a chopped small onion or shallot, several parsley stalks, a squeeze of lemon juice, a claret glass of Sauterne and water to cover. Boil for 20 minutes, then strain and simmer to reduce by half.

Season the fillets of sole. Fold them and place them side by side in a well buttered shallow oven-dish. Add several thinly sliced button mushrooms. Cover with the reduced stock and then butter papers and poach until the fillets are opaque. Arrange the drained fillets and mushrooms on a large shallow dish and keep them warm. Boil the stock to reduce it to the amount required. Add a little double cream and skinned and deseeded muscat grapes. Bring to the boil. When the sauce thickens, add a walnut or two of butter. Pour all around the fillets.

CONSOMMÉ DE HOMARD: Madame Prunier has given me this recipe by her maître chef, M. Muller. It requires painstaking preparation.

The ingredients are: 3 lb. beef bones, 1 lb. lean beef, 1 lb. carrots, ½ lb. onions, 1 stick celery, 3 leeks, ½ lb. turnips, 2 oz. peppercorns, 2 cloves, ½ bay leaf, 1 sprig thyme, 2 lobsters of ¾ lb. each and 1 glass sherry, with salt to taste.

Make stock with the beef bones and ½ gallon water, as for ox-tail. Skim well, then cook for 1 hour. Cook the lobsters for 25 minutes in the stock, then clarify the resultant stock by means of the lean beef and vegetables, together with the seasoning. Strain through a fine cloth. (Quantity 3 pints.) Cut the flesh of one lobster into fine collops. Place them in the soup tureen with the sherry. At the last minute, pour the hot consommé on top, having tasted it to see that the seasoning is correct. For six to eight persons.

COQUILLES ST. JACQUES MARINIÈRE: From M. Muller, chef of the Maison Prunier.

Allow 1½ to 2 scallops for each person. For 12 scallops, finely chop a medium-sized onion and a shallot. Place in a pot with 5 to 6 parsley stalks, a sprig of thyme, a third of a bay leaf, a pinch of freshly milled pepper and 2 tablespoons of dry white wine. Simmer, covered, for a few minutes.

Cut the white of the scallops into slices. Add them and the red parts and gently cook them until the white is done—a matter of a few minutes. Lift out the scallops and place them in the buttered deep shells. Remove the parsley stalks, thyme and bay leaf.

Reduce the stock to enough to cover the scallops. Have ready a little *beurre manié* (3 parts flour and 5 parts butter, kneaded together). Crumble enough of this into the reduced stock to thicken it a little. Bring to the boil, but do not boil. Pour this sauce over the scallops and serve.

ROAST TURKEY

By Eugene Kaufeler of The Dorchester.

Have the turkey drawn but not trussed.

For the body stuffing of a 12-lb. bird, you will require 1½ lb. finely chopped pork, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon salt and half a medium glass of Madeira.

First, cook the chopped onion in a little butter until it is translucent. Away from the heat, add the pork and salt and mix together. Stir in the Madeira. Fill the body with this stuffing and sew up.

For the neck end of the bird, make a bread stuffing this way: Melt a little turkey, or chicken, fat and gently fry in it a finely chopped large onion until translucent. Add 2 cups of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Bind with a beaten whole egg. Pack fairly loosely into the aperture, bring the neck skin over and down on to the back and secure with a small sharp skewer. Next, truss the bird into a nice shape. (Mr. Kaufeler's turkey is shown in our coloured photograph.)

Brush the turkey all over with melted butter. Place it on its side in the roasting tin and cook it for 2 hours in a moderate oven, basting it every 15 or 20 minutes. After the first 50 minutes, turn the bird on to its other side and give it the last 20 minutes on its back. If colouring too quickly, place a wet piece of greaseproof paper on it.

Always remove a turkey (or chicken) from the oven 10 to 15 minutes before it is to be carved, by which time it will have firmed up and will carve very much more easily into nice, thin, juicy slices.



Mr. Kaufeler of the Dorchester

ROAST BEEF

By Arthur C. Moss, of Simpson's-in-the-Strand.

For an 8-lb. sirloin or wing rib without excess fat or flank, have the oven really hot, at round about 450 deg. Fahr. Place the joint in a roasting tin and sprinkle it lightly with salt. Baste with liquid beef fat. Put into the hot oven for 20 minutes, then lower the heat to 300 deg. Fahr. Baste every half-hour. The meat is done when firm to the touch. A joint of this size should be ready in from 1¼ to 1½ hours.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Put 3 oz. flour and a good pinch of salt in a basin. Break 2 eggs on top and gradually, add 1 pint milk by degrees and stir until a smooth thick batter is formed. Beat well for 10 minutes, then cover and allow to stand for 1 hour. When ready for use, cover the bottom of a pudding tin with dripping taken from the meat. Heat it well. Pour in the batter and place in oven for 10 minutes, then place in front of an open fire to cook and set and brown well.

(Note: It is impractical to do this in the home, so I suggest that the above batter be cooked for 30 minutes in the usual way.)



Mr. Moss at Simpson's-in-the-Strand

PLUM PUDDING

By Gabriel Tschumi, the former Royal chef.

2½ lb. currants, 2½ lb. stoned raisins, 1 lb. 2 oz. sultanas, 1 lb. 2 oz. chopped mixed peel, 2½ lb. chopped beef kidney suet, 2 lb. breadcrumbs, ½ lb. flour, 5 eggs, 2 oz. mixed spices, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ lb. Demerara sugar, 1 pint strong ale, 1 wineglass brandy, 1 wineglass rum.

Mix the above ingredients thoroughly in a large basin several hours before the pudding is to be boiled. Pour them into a basin (or basins) spread with butter or lard, which should be tied in a cloth. Boil for 5 hours. Serve with brandy-flavoured Custard Sauce and Brandy Butter.

Brandy Butter: Cream together 4 oz. butter and 8 oz. icing sugar. Beat in, drop by drop, as much brandy as the mixture will absorb. Spread ¼ inch thick on a plate, chill on ice, then cut into half-crown pieces.

MINCE PIES: By Bartolomeo Calderoni of the May Fair Hotel.

Mix together 1 lb. cleaned currants, 1 lb. chopped stoned raisins, ¼ lb. each chopped candied citron, lemon and orange peel and 1 lb. chopped peeled and cored apples. Add 1 lb. finely chopped fresh beef suet, freed of skin.

Trim away all the sinewy parts from 2 lb. roasted fillet or sirloin of beef and chop the lean of the meat quite finely. Add to the above mixture. Add 1 lb. moist sugar, 1 oz. ground spice (nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon in equal proportions) and the grated rind of 3 oranges and 3 lemons. Mix all thoroughly together and press down into a large crock. Pour in ½ bottle brandy and a little Madeira, sherry or port. Put the lid on the crock, place a cloth over it and tie down closely to exclude as much air as possible and prevent the evaporation of the liqueurs.

Keep in a cool place and it will be ready to use after a fortnight.

The Pies

Line the required number of shallow patty tins with thin rounds of puff paste or

CHESTNUT PURÉE

Nick the skin on the flat side of the chestnuts then drop them, a few at a time, into boiling water. Leave for 5 minutes. Remove both skins while they are hot, when it will be very much easier. Cook the chestnuts in boiling water, together with a strip of celery, a pinch or two of sugar and salt to taste, until soft enough to be rubbed through a sieve. To the purée, add a small nut of butter and a little top milk, then cook for 2 to 3 minutes. The purée should be pleasantly soft.

Turn into a serving dish and, with a spoon, make a pattern on top. Decorate with a glaze made from the gravy taken from the bottom of the roasting tin and reduced until fairly thick.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Wash 1 lb. cranberries. Turn them into a pan with a little water and bring to the boil. When the berries have burst, add 4 oz. sugar and simmer to dissolve it. Sieve half the stewed fruit, add it to the remainder and serve.

GRAVY

For the stock for the gravy, cover the giblets with water, add a carrot, an onion, a bouquet garni and seasoning to taste, and simmer during the turkey's roasting time. Pour off the fat from the roasting tin. Add the strained giblet stock as required. Rub all round the tin to get off the delicious residue and boil up. Strain into a heated gravy boat.

For a slightly thickened gravy, add ½ teaspoon arrowroot blended with a table-spoon of water. Bring to the boil, when it will clear and be ready.

good quality short paste. Fill the centre of each with a spoonful of the mincemeat. Moisten the outside edges of the paste around the mincemeat with a little milk or beaten egg. Cover each with a round of fairly thin paste, cut one size larger than the bottom ones, then press it down around the edges so as to seal the mincemeat completely in the centre.

Brush with beaten egg or sprinkle with fine sugar, as desired, and bake in a fairly hot oven (450 to 475 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8) until golden brown (approximately 20 minutes).

SOUFFLÉ GLACE MANDARIN: By Abel Alban of the Savoy Grill.

Mix 8 beaten egg yolks with the juice of 5 tangerines, and just under ½ pint syrup at 32 deg. Cook in a bain marie on a slow fire, whisking slowly until the mixture reaches the thickness of cream. Allow to cook, then beat in seven-eighths of a pint of whipped cream (without sugar).

Grease a china soufflé mould with butter and wrap around it buttered greaseproof paper coming well above the level of the top of the dish. Pour in the mixture, also past the level of the top of the dish. When cold, chill for 2 hours.

When ready to serve, remove the greaseproof paper and decorate the sweet with tangerine quarters.

CANAPÉS LUCIFER: By Marius Dutrey of the Westbury.

Allow 4 chicken livers for 4 servings. Cut into quarters. To flavour the livers, gently cook a chopped shallot in 1 oz. butter until translucent. Add the chicken livers and gently toss them in the pan until they are just cooked. Remove and drain.

Make a batter by sifting together 3 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour and a pinch of salt. Add 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 egg yolk and approximately

one-eighth pint milk (or water if you prefer a thinner batter). Mix all well together and, if necessary, add a little more liquid to make a coating consistency. Let stand for a little time. Just before using, fold in the stiffly beaten egg white.

Dip the pieces of liver in the batter and fry them in deep hot fat for 3 to 5 minutes or until crisp and golden. Fry 2 slices trimmed toast in butter. Cut each into 4 pieces. On each, place 2 pieces of liver and garnish with slices of grilled lean bacon and sprigs of parsley. Serve piping hot.

HAZELNUT AND CHOCOLATE CHRISTMAS LOG: By Egon Ronay of The Marquee.

Beat 6 oz. fine sugar and 6 whole eggs over a very gentle heat until very smooth and silky.

Have ready mixed 2½ oz. cocoa powder, 1½ oz. nibbed almonds, 3 oz. flour. Add to the egg and sugar mixture. Turn into a tray lined with greaseproof paper (as for Swiss Roll) and bake in a hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out on to a cloth, leaving the paper on, until it becomes cold.

Meanwhile, mix together 4½ oz. butter, 4 oz. icing sugar, 3 oz. chocolate couverture, 2½ oz. finely broken browned hazelnuts and the inside of a scant quarter of a vanilla pod. Beat until practically frothy.

Remove the paper, spread the filling on the sponge, roll up carefully and place in the refrigerator until hard.

Ice with chocolate couverture and decorate to your own liking.

Colour photograph on opposite page by Dennis Smith



Mr. Tschumi, chef to the late Queen Mary



Mr. Calderoni of the May Fair Hotel



Stilton, regarded by many as the best of the English cheeses

Wines for the dinner

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, The TATLER'S connoisseur of food and drink, here gives advice on the wines to be taken with Christmas dinner. With a dissertation also on the cheeses which may be usefully laid in

and so to cheese

WHEN I was asked to choose the wines to match Helen Burke's menu I decided rather than spend an hour or so dithering between clarets and burgundies, sherries and Madeira, possibly champagne, all the way up to the port or brandy, to let the experts do it for me. The gentlemen of the wine trade being kindly and courteous people, I received every possible assistance and co-operation.

So after a day or so of slipping into Berry Bros. in St. James's by the back door, creeping into Justerini and Brooks in Bond Street, darting into Christopher & Co. of Jermyn Street and telephoning some experts of world renown, I took a cross-section of the results and on the opposite page you will find a list of the wines to match the menu, with some alternatives.

It was decided not to go for old and rare vintages which are in short supply and difficult to obtain, but to choose wines which are readily available. Although we may have actually

named a particular burgundy, claret or champagne, there are, of course, many alternatives of equal quality.

IN most homes today Christmas means roast turkey and Christmas pudding, but in some of the great hotels and fine restaurants boars' heads, hams, sucking pigs, game of all sorts, and even swans, will be available, with what has for so long been a great rarity, some of the fine English cheeses.

Cheese and a glass of port: what better end to a gracious meal?

Or cheese and a glass of port in the middle of a sharp winter's morning: I know of no better combination, and many an excellent bottle of port has been waiting a long time to be reunited with its old and trusted friend, the real English farmhouse cheese.

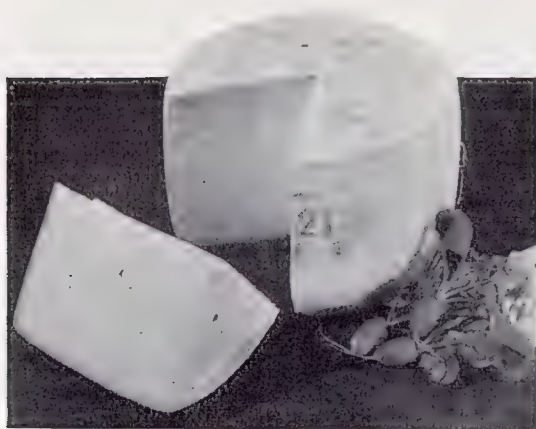
There is a great affinity between port and cheese, not only because they blend so well together, but possibly because they both require the same skill, care, love and knowledge in their preparation. They both require

blending and maturing by experts to bring them to a condition where they are a joy to all.

As great a gulf exists between a great cheese and an inferior imitation, as between a château bottled Grand Cru and a *vin ordinaire*, so as there are now over a hundred farms making farmhouse cheese, let us remind ourselves of some of them:

CHEDDAR is probably the most familiar and the most copied throughout the world, but none of it equals that made for centuries by the Somerset farmers. Horace Annesley Vachell described it as: "Plump as a well-nourished dairymaid." Its history can be traced back for at least 300 years. A well-made Cheddar might be ready to eat in three to six months but would keep in good order for twelve. The texture is firm and has a clean, mellow and "nutty" flavour.

Cheshire cheese on the other hand is loose and flaky in texture, apricot in colour, with a very high cream content. It is the oldest English cheese, its excellence being noted by



Cheshire cheese whose excellence was known in the twelfth century

writers in the twelfth century. The historian, John Speed, referring to the produce of the county of Cheshire, says: "The champion grounds make glad the hearts of their tillers; the meadows imbordered with divers sweet-smelling flowers; and the pastures makes the kins udders to strout to the paille, from whom and wherein the best cheese in all Europe is made."

Lancashire cheese is crumbly and pale in colour, much in demand in its own county; its flavour is mellow and mild with a higher flavour than Cheshire.

STILTON is the best known of our mould-ripened cheese and many connoisseurs regard it as the best of the English cheeses. The output has always been small, partly because of the great experience and skill required in its making. It is a seasonal, double-cream, blue-moulded, semi-hard cheese, made from May to September from the richest milk. But by careful selection, it is possible to have fully ripened Stilton cheese available all the year round. It is at its best from six to nine months after it is made, and is an essential part of Christmas fare, as

THE MENU WITH WINES

TURTLE SOUP. Choice Dry Amontillado Sherry, or Dry Sercial Madeira; or Martinez Montilla Sherry.

CONSOMME DE HOMARD. La Riva, Fino, Macharnudo or Ruiz Isabelita, Tio Pepe.

SOLE VERONIQUE. Meursault Charmes, 1952, or Pies Porter Goldtropfchen, 1949 or 1952.

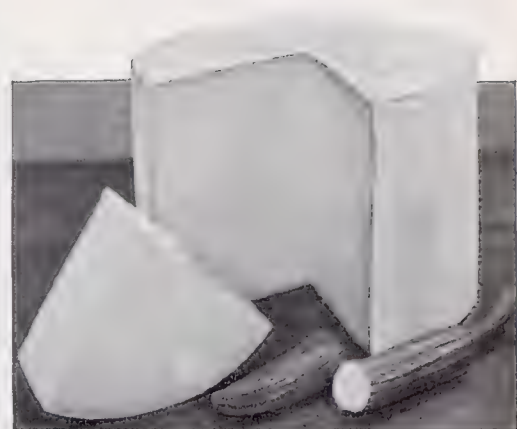
COQUELLES ST. JACQUES. Hermitage (White) 1947, or Chassagne Montrachet 1949, or Château de Maltroye.

ROAST TURKEY. Château Cantemerle 1928, or Château Rauzan Gassies 1928, or Château Margaux 1945.

ROAST BEEF. Clos de Vougeot 1945, or Vosne-Romanée 1943 or 1945, or Romanée St. Vivant 1947.

SWEETS. Veuve Clicquot 1947, or Château d'Yquem 1945, or Charles Heidsieck 1945.

SAVOURY. Old Bual Madeira, or vintage port of quality, or Tawny Port. But keep your great ports until all is over.



The cheese most copied throughout the world is probably Cheddar

white type which is eaten fresh. Good Wensleydale spreads like butter and has a rich and subtle flavour.

Caerphilly is of Welsh origin but is also made in Somerset, Devon and Dorset. Small, white and round, Caerphilly cheeses ripen very quickly. They can be eaten two weeks after manufacture and should not be kept for more than a month.

Double Gloucesters are becoming available again. They are not unlike a Cheddar cheese but are milder in flavour and are considered aristocrats among the hard cheeses.

Others are on the way, such as Leicester, Derby (one of the oldest made in England), and Blue Vinney which hails from Dorset.

As for the port to go with them, you must make your own choice. There are many fine wine merchants with considerable stocks of great ports in their cellars, be it Croft or Cockburn, Dixons or Dow, Gilbey or Martinez Gassiot, Sandeman or Smith Woodhouse, Fonseca or Graham, Gould Campbell or Tuke Holdsworth, Taylor Fladgate, Warre or Gonzalez Byass, Offley Forrester or Ferreira, to mention but a few of the most notable.

Major Francis Cunynghame says in his *Reminiscences of an Epicure*:

"One likes to buy half a Stilton about October, when the mind is beginning to contemplate good Christmas fare to come, and keep it in a nice cool airy larder covered with a cheese-cloth and look at it from time to time, until the great day comes when it arrives at the table dressed in a nice clean table-napkin, and there is great joy in diving into its centre and scooping out the contents."

Wensleydale is a worthy rival to Stilton, many expert lovers of cheese giving it first place—that is, the true blue variety, not the



Part of a unique collection of sherry bottles presented to Messrs. Justerini and Brooks upon the opening of their New Bond Street premises. The donor was Mr. Luis Gordon of Jerez, a prominent figure in the sherry trade. Dates of the bottles are, left to right, 1630—1600—1650—1750—1708



A measure to the music of horns and a stringed instrument. From a twelfth-century manuscript in the British Museum, source also of the other medieval illustrations reproduced here

“Gentlemen, take your partners”

Christmas parties without dancing would be unthinkable. But few people realize how deeply rooted in history, and the practices of early Christianity, is the tradition from which it derives

WHEN we trace the origin of any Christmas custom—and “Christmas” here means the whole twelve days of Yuletide—we find invariably that the observance had its origin in some religious ceremony, though not necessarily a Christian one.

The Christmas dance is no exception to this proven rule. What is now a highly secular—and sometimes mildly criticized—form of amusement was once a ritual of the deepest religious significance, the justification of which the Fathers of the Church found not only in the writings of the Prophets, but in the very words of Our Saviour himself.

From the Old Testament, the favourite text was Ezekiel vi. 11: “Thus saith the Lord: smite with thine hand, stamp with thy foot.”

And from the New Testament, the identical texts from Matthew xi. 17 and Luke vii. 32: “And saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced.”

THE ritual—or “sacral”—dance had been an intimate part of organized religion in the near and Middle East and in Asia since historic times, and among the Babylonians—who established the rule of the Twelve-day “Christmas” on astrological grounds—ritual dancing accompanied all the most solemn ceremonies of their religion.

Among the Egyptians and the Greeks and the ancient Jews, dancing was considered the highest expression of spiritual joy. David danced before the Ark of the Lord, and Miriam

danced after God had miraculously brought the Children of Israel across the Red Sea.

It is a pity that certain “revealed writings,” highly esteemed among the early Christians, should have been later condemned as “un-

canonical,” since such forbidden works as the Acts of St. John, or the Acts of St. Thomas or “The Shepherd” of Hermas are full of references to dancing of a sacred character. The “apocryphal” Acts of St. John, though, contains, to my mind, the most impressive of all these references.

This describes how, on the eve of His being seized by His enemies, Jesus collected together His disciples and spoke to them, as related in John iii. 94. The Acts of St. John then continue the narrative in a manner unknown to the present orthodox Gospels. Jesus, having exhorted the disciples to sing a hymn of praise to God the Father, then asked them to form a ring, hold hands and encircle their Master.

So, standing in the middle of the rhythmically moving ring of disciples, Jesus spoke thus, the disciples calling “Amen!” after each verse:

“Praise to Thee, Logos! Praise to Thee, Grace!
I will be saved, and I shall save!
I will be delivered, and I shall deliver!
Grace dances in the round-dance.
I will play upon the flute: let all dance.

The Heavenly Eight sing praises with us.
The Twelve on high dance their ring-dance.

It is the duty of all to dance on high:
Who dances not, knows not what will happen.”

Then (according to the narrative) Our Saviour continued:

“But if you take part in my straight-dance,



Even the little dog dances to the fiddle in a page-end of the Stowe MS.



"The Long Minuet," from a broadsheet by H. Bunbury, circa 1728

behold yourself in Me, the Speaker, and when you behold what I do, then do not disclose my mysteries when you dance. . . ."

WHEN Christianity was finding its strength, and its rulers were organizing it into a rigidly inflexible code of laws and beliefs, much of what was "pagan" was cast out. But though Paganism had always danced, the Dance was felt to have been so hallowed, both in the Old Dispensation and in the New, that all the Fathers of the Church joined in its praise. Of all the greatest fathers, only St. Augustine was against the dance, yet even he did not dare to condemn it out of hand. "Let him who would dance, dance," said the learned Bishop of Hippo.

St. Augustine was quite alone, though, in this respect: that, disapproving, he could still give a reluctant permission to dancing—and dancers. Most of the Fathers saw no harm in dancing. Rather the opposite, they regarded the "sacral" dance as the dynamic counterpart of the spoken words of praise. Even a thousand years later, Henrik Suso, the mystic, was to declare that "Christ is the dance-leader of the blessed in Heaven."

Yet, as early as the very beginning of the fourth century, there were voices—and influential voices they were, too—raised in no uncertain criticism of the ethical merits of the dance.

Soon after A.D. 300, two Greek theologians, Epiphanius and Basileios, spoke out against the "immorality" of the dance, and battle was joined from that moment on: a battle which was to rage for nearly fifteen hundred years, and to end with the complete—or almost complete—secularization of the dance.

There is no doubt that the Church was fundamentally split on this question of the dance, as both attackers and defenders carried pretty well equal authority, and both com-

manded an equal measure of respect and obedience.

Thus, the Provincial Council of Elvira, near Granada—A.D. 300-303, began the campaign in Spain by forbidding women to attend the churchyard dances associated with the "night watches" held on the great feasts of the Church. The Council of Toledo—A.D. 539—expressed the pious hope that "practices contrary to religion, of dancing and singing shameless songs at festivals, might be rooted out of Spain."

The Council of Auxerre—A.D. 573-603—forbade the public to dance choir-dances or nuns to sing in them, and the intrusion of the civil authority into what had heretofore been a purely ecclesiastical affair came with the circular-letter of the Frankish King Childebert II (died A.D. 596) in which the king deplored the dancing, singing, drunkenness and dissolution during the "night watches" at the Christmas festivals.

BONIFACE, the Apostle of Germany, was complaining, a century later, in a letter to Pope Zacharias, that the sight of people dancing "in the pagan fashion," in the very shadow of St. Peter's, had scandalized some of Boniface's prospective German converts, and made the task of the heathen's conversion more difficult.

So the attack on "sacral" dancing continued, with the Synods of Rouen, 1214, of Liège and Exeter, 1287, the Theological Faculty of the University of Paris, 1444, all condemning the practice of church-dancing. "This filthy custom," the last-named called it, and added that "it had been taken over from the heathen and commemorates them."

Of course, it is true that there was nothing particularly Christian about ritual dancing, for that had existed the millenia before Christianity and had the Paris theologians of the fifteenth

century known what went on in contemporary Peru, they would have considered that they had all the argument in their favour.

For, when the ball-game was to be played in Auxerre Cathedral, the Dean took the large ball under one arm, and caught the hand of the man next-but-one to him, and so, with hands thus linked, all the clergy sang the appropriate hymn, and passed the ball among them.

In Peru, the court-officials joined hands in a similar manner and, with a rocking motion of their bodies, they advanced in three-step time (the *tripudio* of church-dancing or the three-step *volte* beloved of King Henry III of France—the direct ancestor of our waltz, exported from France, polished in Germany, and brought back to France by the soldiers of the French Revolutionary Armies in 1793!).

IN passing, it will be obvious to the reader that this peculiar linking of the hands is so very reminiscent of the "ritual" of "Auld Lang Syne" that the origin of that New Year's Eve song cannot but be found in the practices of remotest antiquity.

In defence of the reformers, it must not be denied that there was a great deal of licence, both by clergy and people, especially in connection with that strange inheritance from pre-Christian times—the Feast of Asses or Feast of Fools, in which priests performed what seems to us now a blasphemous travesty of Divine Service, and the people honked and brayed the responses!

At any rate, it was the reformer who won in the end, and for all that an old direction from Sens prescribes that the leaders of the clergy "on the second day of Christmas shall execute a dance in the choir of the church or around it, holding staves in their hands," the Reformation

(Continued overleaf)



Continuing from page 21

"Take your partners"

dealt a death-blow to the church-dance with the prohibition of church-dances in Protestant Germany and Protestant England in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Another fact which greatly strengthened the hand of the anti-dance reformer was the discovery, in the sixteenth century, that the "dancing manias" which would take thousands of apparently "possessed" people hopping, skipping and jumping across Europe, had their origin, not so much in demoniac possession as in a fungus—ergot—which attacks wheat. People suffering from ergot poisoning developed the most severe bodily cramps, and sought relief from their agony in "dancing." That ergot also gave them hallucinations—as well as a sort of mania which took them always to running water, and made them violently antipathetic to long-toed shoes and anything of a red colour—did nothing to keep "religious" dancing in high esteem.

Church-dancing survived the sixteenth century. Indeed, the Dance of the Hopping Saints was still being celebrated at Echternach, Luxembourg, up to the outbreak of World War One, and many out-of-the-way places continued to observe the old customs, as the boy-choristers—the *seises*—dance before the high-altar of Seville Cathedral during mass to this day.

But the dance had—like the theatre—left the church for the churchyard, and so had come to be half-secularized even before the Reformation.

The midway point was to be found, perhaps, in the Maypole dance, which so annoyed the Cromwellian Puritans. All the same, they were not wrong in seeing something pagan in the custom, for the Maypole is a survivor of ancient tree-worship, and the dance is the act of worship of that tree.

By the end of the fifteenth century—just on the eve of the Reformation—the references to secular dancing are sufficiently numerous to make it plain that the break between church dancing and secular dancing had already come about, though it was not to be for another three centuries that polite society was to know the pleasure of the "intimate" dance of the waltz type.

Dancing, until 1800, though no longer associated with religion, was to continue to be extremely formal, and much of the old church-ritual spirit was to be retained in the "form" of the dances which took place at the great festivals, especially during the twelve days of Christmas.

Cavendish, in his *Life Of Cardinal Wolsey*, tells us of some Christmas-tide dancing of Henry VIII:

"On the daie of the Epiphanie, at night, the king, with eleven other, were disguised, after the manner of Italie; called a maske, a thing not scene before in England; they were apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought all with gold, with visors and caps of gold.

"And after the banket (i.e.: banquet) done, these maskers came in, with silk gentlemen disguised in silke, bearing staffe torches, and desired the ladies to dance: some were content, and some refused. And after they had danced together, as the

La carole damours.



pres que les choses susdictes furent ainsi faictes ce vendant qd demourerent en ce lieu auant d'aller d'un vintrent des vintres qui adxptorent auant du pillagee quils faisoient au pays de pafle gome mais aussi ceulx dudit pays prenoient fu allentent par embusches ceulx qui aloient en des ordres et petites bandes au fourmeux. Et mesme ment sefforcoient de prendre et deshonorer ceulx qui se porteroient de nuit du camp. Et plantoient leurs pavillons en chemin et par effect faisoient

LA CAROLE DAMOURS (top left), a dance depicted in a thirteenth-century MS. of *Li Roman de la Rose*. Below, entertaining Cyrus of Persia at dinner, from a sixteenth-century French translation of Xenophon



An old print showing guests in eighteenth-century costume dancing a quadrille at Devonshire House, Piccadilly

fashion of the maske is, they took their leave and departed, and so did the queue and all the ladies."

Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, loved greatly to dance, and Zúchero had quaintly recorded the spectacle of Her Majesty's dancing a *coranto* with the Earl of Leicester.

But it was in the Inns of Court that the strangest survival of the old type of dance was to be found, and Sir William Dugdale, the seventeenth-century historian of legal institutions, has left us a pleasing picture of what barristers were expected to do in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

"For a further honour to the judges and serjeants at Law . . . they had wont to be entertained with post revels, performed by the better sort of the young gentlemen of the society (i.e.: of the Middle Temple), with galliards, corrantoes and other dances, or else with stage-plays: the first of these feasts being at the beginning, and the other at the latter end of Christmas."

Examinations for the bar, in those days, were all *viva-voce*, and were known as "moots." If you got safely through your "moots," you were excused dancing before your seniors.

At the same period, lesser folk were making merry in the square-dance, now so popular in America and Britain. Two of the most popular square-dances—especially at Christmas—were *Dull Sir John* and *Fain I Would*, but these were by no means the oldest dances. We know of two Anglo-Saxon Christmas dances: the Egg-dance and the Carole. Every dance had its own song, and our "carol" of today is only the song without the accompanying dance.

Even the quadrille—familiar to all readers of *Alice In Wonderland*—has a most respectable history, for though the standby of early and mid-Victorian parties and balls, it was brought to this country by William the Conqueror, and had an earlier popularity throughout Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It got its name from the fact that the French, who took up so many foreign dances; polished them, perfected them, and re-exported them; used this dance in a ballet of 1745.

It was in Italy that the renaissance of dancing took place, the French influence not making itself felt until the Italian Queen of France, Catherine de Medici, brought the liveliest dances of her own land to France.

As in England, before the end of the sixteenth century, the French dances in polite society were of a dignified, not to say solemn, type. The so-called *danses basses* of the court of Charles IX were danced to a psalm tune, and the lighter dances—the so-called *danses hautes*—were performed only by clowns and rustics.

England owes the loss of all her national dances, save only the Sir Roger de Coverley, to the fact that Beau Nash, ruling dictatorially at Bath in Queen Anne's reign, abolished all English dances in favour of French ones, and it is now too late to reverse the change.

It was during the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries that the modern dances were born: though perhaps "re-made" is the better word, for most were simply country dances polished to fit the customs of high society.

What made secular dancing popular, from the sixteenth century onwards, was the fact that so many of the "new" dances—such as the branle (English, *braule*) and the stately pavane—insisted upon kissing as a most important part of the dance-movement!

The dances which made the Dickensian Christmases so memorable were—with the exception of the immeasurably ancient round-dances with linked hands—all born about the end of the eighteenth and the first few decades of the nineteenth centuries. The first modern waltz was published in Germany in only 1770—*Ach! du lieber Augustin*—and France saw its first waltz danced in Gardel's opera, *La Dansomanie*, during the Terror of 1793.

On being introduced to England in 1812, the waltz produced an outcry—those who did not laugh being shocked at its "immodesty." However, the Emperor Alexander of All the Russias danced a waltz at Almack's in 1816, and thereafter it was permitted. It soon became mightily popular as well.

The galop was another import from Germany, and the polka—the biggest dance-craze

of all time—was brought by a French dancing-master from Prague in about 1840. The schottische was also a Bohemian dance. It followed the polka in 1844.

Laborde invented the Lancers in 1836, and from the same period dates the wonderfully popular cotillon, that joy of Victorian ball-rooms.

THERE are newer dances today, but the old ones are returning, and something of formality is succeeding the informality of the 1914 to 1940 period.

The solemn ritual of pavane and saraband will never return, but we can remember that in the newest dance at Christmas—whatever fancy name it bear—no less than in the traditional measures we shall tread—is a basic pattern which was old before Theodoret, talking of the Apostle Paul, found nothing so striking to say of the Saint than that he was "one who had seen the beauties of Paradise, and the dances of the holy ones."



A century after its introduction here the waltz reached, in Edwardian times, its highest and aesthetic peak of grace and melody



Jerome Buonaparte

3

HISTORIES OF THE TIMES

- 1 THE PAST. Michael Harrison, a noted historian and an authority on this season in particular, writes of a forgotten but remarkable event which changed the face of history and shook the Court of Napoleon I and of polite society in the new world of Baltimore
- 2 THE PRESENT. Margery Allingham describes the effects of an ancient superstition (which happens to be fulfilled this very year) on a contemporary family and their especial pet
- 3 THE FUTURE. Nancy Spain stretches her imagination to foresee the shape of events which are frightening and ugly until hope returns to a world sacrificed to progress

No. 1
CHRISTMAS 1803
by
MICHAEL HARRISON

The Wedding in Baltimore

FOR all its rising skyscrapers, there is a charm in the ancient Maryland city of Baltimore hard to equal. In the name of the city itself, there is something more than charm: there is a ring of pillared marble in the very syllables of Baltimore—a perpetual reminder of a time when the city was to America what Lisbon once was to Europe, and has recently become again: the port through which the most important artistic and political influences entered.

During the Napoleonic Wars, not even Boston or New York rivalled Maryland's capital city in world-influence.

It was, doubtless, the Catholic origins of the city which had made it such a favourite with the envoys—open and secret—of the successive French governments which had “plans” for the new-born United States of America. The Catholic French found a warmer reception, a readier sympathy, among the leaders of Baltimore's fashion and political strength than they might have found among the Puritan elements of New England, and so it was to Baltimore that Napoleon's brother came, charged with one of the most important tasks that an envoy of France had ever had to carry out.

This was no less than the sale of the French colony of Louisiana to the United States.

NAPOLEON was not yet Emperor in name, but he had already achieved autocratic power as First Consul for life, and his boundless ambition had formulated plans of conquest which demanded, above all other needs, ready cash.

Pitt had embarked upon a plan to ruin the internal credit of France by smuggling forged banknotes into Napoleon's country—a plan destined to be attempted by Hitler nearly a century-and-a-half later—and Napoleon had resolved to counter Pitt's move by the brilliantly bold device of putting France back upon the gold-standard—even though Napoleon had embarked upon a war whose ultimate purpose was the subjugation of all Europe.

Then again, Napoleon was living as though he were an Emperor in all but name, and as the head of a “democratic republic” his presents were of breathtaking magnificence—and costliness. He gave enormous subsidies to the former royal *ateliers*—especially to the famous Sèvres porcelain factory, and ordered the finest and largest sets of table-china, ornamental vases, etc., that the factory could produce.

To Lord Macartney, who had come from England in order to negotiate the Treaty of Amiens, the First Consul gave a table-service, decorated in “tortoise-shell,” which had cost the French state no less than 17,640 francs—and among Napoleon's commissions to Sèvres was a vase which cost over 30,000 francs. All members of this family loved magnificence, and all needed vast sums of money to “live properly.”

In the autumn of 1803, then, one of the most attractive members of this gifted, selfish, greedy and eminently dangerous family arrived in Baltimore, ostensibly to “establish cordial relations,” actually to bring back the then enormous sum of four million pounds sterling . . . in gold.

AT sixteen, Napoleon had sent his younger brother, Jerome, into the Republican Navy, and, as befitting a brother of the First Consul, the boy had made rapid headway. He was not yet nineteen when his ship berthed in Baltimore, but the ship was under his command, and it was as Captain Buonaparte that Jerome was introduced by the Vice-Consul of France into the highest circles of Baltimore society. Tall, handsome, elegantly dressed (you may see one of his sumptuous dress-coats in the United Services Museum in Whitehall) Jerome's bold Corsican manner had been refined by a sound Parisian education and, to the smart set of the Maryland capital, the eighteen-year-old naval captain, with his French elegance and youthful good looks, must have seemed the finest product of European culture—“decadent” though sturdily patriotic Yankees affected to dub that culture.

Though he had come to America on business—and, reasonably, had come to the most “businesslike” city in the United States to put across his important deal—the young man had come prepared, at the same time, to teach the culture-hungry New Englanders a thing or two about French *chic*. Lawyers and accountants accompanied him; but so did tailors and artists, and even today the French hand-printed wallpapers that Jerome imported from his adopted land are the carefully guarded treasures of some old American mansions.

JEROME, it will be accepted, was a most welcome guest in Baltimore. Fathers liked him because he was going to bring about the realisation of a long-cherished American dream—the incorporation of French America into the Union. Mothers liked him because he was—apparently—so “eligible.” The daughters liked him because he seemed, with his romantic good looks, his unstudied grace, his unobtrusive Old World polish, to be the very ideal of young manhood.

Hearts fluttered, indeed, when Captain Buonaparte entered the drawing-rooms of Baltimore's fine Colonial mansions!

IT was not long after he had arrived in the United States that the young naval officer met a girl who made his heart flutter as much as he had troubled some other hearts.

Elizabeth Patterson was just a year younger than he; the prettiest, wittiest girl—they said—in all Baltimore. And one of the richest.

She was the daughter of a first-generation immigrant from Ulster, William Patterson, who had made a handsome fortune by supplying both sides during the American Revolutionary War. Now he was the owner of a line of clipper ships, and he was adding to his already enormous wealth by running the British blockade and supplying France with vital imports.

One would have thought that Patterson would have welcomed the sudden, overpowering love which sprang up between the two young people when they met at a ball at Samuel Chase's house—but Ulster-born Willie Patterson had a sharp appreciation of realities which was not to be disturbed by any sentimentality—or even snobbishness.

He realised that a marriage between his daughter and the young Buonaparte would only anger the First Consul. And Willie Patterson's duty to his country was to clinch the deal by which a vast territory would become part of the United States.

WHEN Jerome came deferentially to Mr. Patterson, to ask his daughter's hand in honourable marriage, Patterson gave a decided *No* and packed Elizabeth off to Virginia.

Elizabeth went reluctantly—and sulkily; but the affair did not end with her departure from Baltimore. The lovers corresponded; they even contrived to meet; and Jerome procured a marriage-licence.

In the end, choosing between a marriage with his consent and the runaway—and possibly illegal—marriage that the ardour of the young lovers seemed to threaten, Mr. Patterson decided to risk the possible disapproval of the First Consul, and to give his consent to the match.

One condition, however, Mr. Patterson made: that the marriage should be celebrated by a clergyman of the bridegroom's own faith—even though Mr. Patterson himself was a Presbyterian Ulsterman.

It was a condition which was destined to have the most far-reaching consequences.

SO that Jerome should have reached the age of nineteen, the marriage was put off until the Christmas Eve of 1803. From the time that the lovers had met in the house of Samuel Chase, one of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence, until Mr. Patterson had given his reluctant consent to their union, hardly three months had elapsed. They were, indeed, to marry in haste, but the leisure that they were to be given in which to repent was to stretch to extraordinary limits.

The hard-headed businessman showed in Patterson, when he had the marriage-contract drawn up by Alexander Dallas, afterwards Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, by the Vice-Consul of France in Baltimore, by the mayor of the city, and by many influential citizens.

And perhaps his business-like nature showed in his arranging for the ceremony to be conducted by no less a dignitary than Archbishop Carroll.

The people of Baltimore could not remember so splendid a social occasion. The city was dressed for Christmas; the door-knockers were tied with holly; and the waits roamed the streets, singing the old songs of Christmas.

No happier time, it seemed to the witnesses of the wedding, and the guests at the dinner and ball which followed, could have been found in which to unite two young lovers in the bonds of matrimony.

But for all Mr. Patterson's hopes, he was soon to learn that his first estimate of the suitability of the marriage was to prove correct.

NAPOLEON was “thunderstruck.” Napoleon—so the frightening despatches said—“could not believe his ears.”

Jerome's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, pleaded with their First Consul to forgive Jerome, and to make him an allowance “suitable to his state.” Privately, they advised Jerome to take out American papers, and to put the Constitution of the United



Elizabeth Patterson, wife of Jerome Bonaparte.
(From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.)



Catherine, Princess of Württemberg, afterwards Queen of Westphalia.
(From the portrait by Gros.)

Continued overleaf



A fine equestrian portrait of Jerome as King of Westphalia

Continuing Michael Harrison's account of—

The wedding in Baltimore

States behind him, in the event of any really serious trouble between his elder brother and himself.

Jerome did not take the advice offered to him—nor did Napoleon.

Napoleon wrote angrily and offensively to Jerome, telling Jerome that if he "left this young person," the great man would overlook a "youthful indiscretion," and say no more. If, however, Jerome were to persist in his rebellious and unforgiveable attitude, then "the young person" would never be allowed to set foot upon the soil of France.

THE correspondence continued for over a year, until, at last, Jerome decided to bring matters to a head by confronting his ever-angrier brother—now Emperor of the French.

But the Emperor's spies got the news of Jerome's decision across the Atlantic far in advance of the Patterson clipper on which Captain and Mme. Buonaparte were crossing, and when their ship reached the Tagus, a French warship was waiting to prevent Madame's landing.

Jerome went ashore alone, and the ship then proceeded in the direction of Holland.

At the mouth of the Texel two of the most powerful of Napoleon's men-o'-war closed in upon the American vessel, and forced her away from the Dutch coast. The American master, in desperation, set a course for England. A few days later, the clipper lay off Dover, while a party from the ship were negotiating permission for Mme. Buonaparte—who was now expecting her first child—to land. Pitt received news that he considered so alarming that he sent an urgent despatch to the military commander at Canterbury, ordering him to send a regiment to Dover, where a vast concourse of people was gathering from half the southern counties. To imagine the excitement that the news of Elizabeth's arrival had caused, one must imagine what interest would have been provoked by the arrival of a sister-in-law of Hitler's, whom the Dictator had forbidden to land in his territory—and who had chased her off to England!

Every road to Dover was choked with a

confused mass of travellers: on foot, on horseback, in carriages of every description. The hotels and taverns and boarding-houses of Dover were packed; rooms in cottages were fetching a pound and more a night. Dover had not known prosperity since the days of peace, over ten years before. It is doubtful that it had ever known such a boom as Elizabeth's arrival was causing.

Pitt gave the necessary permission for Napoleon's sister-in-law to land and to take up residence in this country, and escorted by a full regiment, brave in scarlet, and with its band playing rousing airs, Elizabeth's coach took the narrow, dusty road through Canterbury, Rochester and Dartford to London. Something like 100,000 spectators trudged or rode behind her—quite as many lined the old Pilgrim's Road along which she passed—and no one could estimate how many thousands were awaiting her arrival in London.

But the authorities, fearful for her safety in a London much less disciplined than it is now, decided to keep her out of the capital.

She was escorted to a private house in Camberwell—then a pleasantly semi-rural suburb of a residential sort—and a strong guard thrown around it.

IT was here that, on July 7th, 1805—three months before Nelson smashed the naval power of France at Trafalgar—Jerome Buonaparte, Junior, was born. By the Common Law of England, the boy was a British subject by birth, and though he never used the privilege of his chance-acquired nationality, his son—by an odd trick of circumstance, was to be able to wear a service medal awarded by Queen Victoria. Readers of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, *The Times*, the *Sun*, and other popular journals of the day, read that "Madame Buonaparte, wife of Admiral Buonaparte, and sister-in-law to General Buonaparte"—for the British never knew Napoleon the Great by any other title!—"was delivered of a son. Mother and child are both doing well." Jerome had written letters of undying love and loyalty, transmitted through a neutral legation. Napoleon had also written, less kindly, but possibly more to the point.

Even under the severe pressure that Napoleon was able to bring on the Pope, Pius VII., the Sovereign Pontiff, had resolutely refused to pronounce the marriage other than legal and binding; but the more Imperial Council of France—every member of which was, inevitably, a creature of the Emperor's—had "unanimously" passed a decree of divorce.

"Miss Patterson" would therefore kindly take note that she was no longer married to Jerome Buonaparte.

JEROME, in fact, had capitulated—Napoleon had a sharply abusive tongue, but he knew how to bribe as well as how to threaten. Now it remained to bring Elizabeth around to a "right" way of thinking.

If she would return to the United States, the offer ran, the Emperor was prepared to allow her a yearly pension of 60,000 gold francs—say, £3,000 per annum, "provided that she does not continue to use the name of my family."

Bewildered—and temporarily heart-broken—by Jerome's faithlessness, Elizabeth, thinking to conciliate the Emperor, reluctantly agreed to the conditions laid down. She sailed for America, where the first instalment of her allowance was awaiting her.



Drawn & Engraved by J. Habell

CASINA.

Casina House, Camberwell, where Elizabeth Buonaparte lived in 1805 after her vain attempt to enter France. A picture from the files of the Camberwell Public Library at Dulwich

Jerome was rewarded by being created a Prince of the Empire as well as General of the Army. Very soon after, the French Senate made him successor to the Imperial Throne, in the event of Napoleon's dying without an heir.

Elizabeth Patterson settled down to wait upon the turn of events.

HER son grew up as an American. He was sent to Harvard, and he became a lawyer. He resisted his mother's attempt to get him to press for the hand of a daughter of Joseph Buonaparte—ex-King of Naples and ex-King of Spain. Jerome Buonaparte, Junior, married an American lady, a Miss Williams. But he did like the atmosphere of European Royal and ex-Royal circles, and never really became completely American in his way of life. His elder son, Jerome, who was born in Baltimore in 1832, was of a more adventurous cast: he seemed to represent the soldierly, rather than the legal, Buonaparte strain, and on graduating from the United States Military Academy in 1852, he was posted to the Texan border, where he saw service of the border-patrol sort.

The outbreak of the Crimean War, however, radically changed his destiny. He resigned his commission in the United States Army, crossed to France, volunteered for service in the Crimean Expeditionary Force, and was gazetted a full lieutenant of dragoons.

When the Empire collapsed in 1870, Colonel Buonaparte—whose legal title to the name had been recognised by Imperial decree—was a veteran who could wear French, Turkish, Italian and British medals.

Elizabeth had fought to get her marriage recognised, as soon as Napoleon III. mounted the throne, and fifty years after he had abandoned her Jerome came forward to oppose her application.

The Emperor, however, gave her the right to the Buonaparte name, though he refused to pronounce her son and grandsons members of the Imperial family.

Elizabeth was content. She had vindicated her marriage, as her elder grandson was to vindicate, in active military service, his right to the name of Buonaparte.

Witty as ever, Elizabeth grew strangely

parsimonious in her advancing years. The capitals of Europe knew her, and her romantic history, no less than her brilliant wit, took her into the most exalted circles. But she did become a miser, and when her husband died—at the age of seventy-five—in 1860, she was an easy winner in the rush to file a claim against his estate.

This was her only success: her claim, despite the forensic skill of Berryer, her counsel, failed. Yet, despite this setback, she left a fortune of over £1,000,000 sterling—all to her two sons.

SHE failed, too, in another plan: to get her elder son, Colonel Jerome Buonaparte, made Regent of the Empire on the fall of Napoleon. The fact that her husband, by his second (and bigamous) marriage with Princess Catherine of Wurttemberg, had had three children—and that the eldest, Prince Napoleon, had been recognised as dynastic heir to the Imperial throne—made this plan impracticable, to say the least.

She was eighty-five when she died: her mind clear to the last. Her tongue was as sharp as her eye for monetary gain; but there still remained the charm which had captured the susceptible heart of the young Frenchman. Not even in her extreme old age could people find it difficult to see why that Christmas Eve wedding had taken place.

There are Buonapartes in Baltimore to-day: respectable, solid American citizens, who have closely identified themselves with the corporate life of their ancient city. Bankers, lawyers, politicians, they seem such "typical" Americans that it is hard to believe that they have their origin in one of the most romantic marriages of all time.



Jerome's American wife: a miniature by Jean Baptiste Augustin



Three Tales of Christmas

No. 2. The Present

Word in Season

Margery Allingham

Illustrated by S. Tresillian

MICHAEL sat in the white arm-chair, a dressing-gown over his black trousers and his dark hair still flecked with the tinsel needles from the crown Sarah had made him, while Poins sat on the rug and sniffed half-heartedly at a wax berry from the mock holly, and they were both worried and preoccupied.

In the bedroom across the hall, Sarah was singing something unsuitable. As far as Poins could gather, it was a song in

French about Spanish love, but he was not very good at that sort of thing, being essentially insular and a country person by birth anyway, as, of course, all Red Setters are. However, he knew she was singing it to annoy and she was certainly succeeding. Michael looked thoroughly wretched and Poins himself was torn between sympathy and his own great personal problem.

It was past eleven o'clock at night on Christmas Eve and, apart from Sarah's self-conscious little cadence, the flat was amazingly quiet. Nearly everybody else in Mayfair had left already for the country. They themselves would be off for Norfolk

in the morning and would have gone before if Michael had not quietly insisted on spending the first Christmas Eve of his married life in his own home and not with the wild party of semi-strangers with whom Sarah had elected to pass the actual festival.

Michael was seldom obstinate where Sarah was concerned, as Poins had often noticed with deep misgiving, but on this occasion he had been absolutely adamant. He had arrived home at six o'clock, with his little box of decorations and a secret package of presents for Sarah's stocking in his overcoat pocket. Sarah had not



She had not offered to assist but had sat making a little crown of tinsel for him and another for Pains, and had placed them on their heads as they sat surveying their handiwork

been in. She had been making a protest at the late start to the holiday in her own rather pretty way, which never descended into open sulkiness. She had arrived ten minutes after Michael, charmingly contrite and full of apologies for having forgotten to do anything about dinner, so that he had had to change and telephone Ronnay for a table. But he had stood his ground about the decorations and at a quarter to ten they had returned and he had proceeded to put them up despite her ridicule.

SHE had not offered to assist, but had sat making a little crown of tinsel for him and another for Pains, and had placed them on their heads as they sat surveying their handiwork. After that she had sprung her great surprise. Ponto and Potemkin, she told them airily, were having a small midnight session to "take the corn out of carols" in their studio by the river and she had promised, soul and honour, that she and Michael would both drop in to help.

The news had shaken Michael. He had removed his crown with quiet dignity and, while not speaking the whole of his mind, had conveyed with a certain degree of force that wild horses would not drag him to that chichi annex of Tin Pan Alley

on a night which was neither silent nor holy, but that on this one it was utterly out of the question.

Sarah had looked surprised in that odd way of hers, which accentuated the roundness of her forehead, and had said, quite politely, that it was a pity because she was certainly going, and that he was not to think of waiting up for her, because Kenneth would be there and so would Edward, and they'd probably both adore to bring her home. Then she had gone off to the bedroom to pretty up and Michael and Pains had been left in the lovely, coloured room which was now *en fête* with his handiwork. It was only then that Pains, who was a very cautious, formal dog, had ventured to remove his own crown. Now he crushed it under a thoughtful paw and lay still, worrying passionately.

Michael's misery was bad enough, but his private problem was quite frightful. Resolved to its simplest, it was briefly this: *should he speak?*

As is generally known, all domestic animals have been granted the power of talking like human beings during the hour before midnight on Christmas Eve. The fact that they so seldom avail themselves of the privilege is understandable. Over the years, they have discovered to their cost how terribly unlucky talking is. Every puppy, kitten, calf and foal imbibes a wise mistrust of the favour with his mother's milk.

A great deal of emotion must be stirred before the necessary power to take the step can be summoned, and the simple intellectual problem of what on earth to say to a loved one, after being on silent, intimate terms with him for a very long time, appears formidable when the actual moment arrives.

Pains himself had been brought up on the story of his ancestor, Rufus the Second of Anjou, who had possessed an adored master of pronounced political views. This godlike person had enjoyed nothing better in life than to sit of an evening, with a glass in his hand and his red friend at his feet, brooding on the sins of the Government of the day. For three parts of a dog's lifetime they had been ideally happy, but one sad Christmas it had occurred to Rufus to risk the traditional misfortune, and he studied for a year and a day to discover just the right remark to please his hero most.

After listening very carefully to every word the man uttered during the whole of that time, the great evening arrived and they sat together as usual by the winter fire. Ten minutes after the clock struck eleven Rufus raised his head, looked his friend straight in the eyes and said distinctly: "Asquith be damned!"

The blow fell instantly. The man sprang to his feet, knocked over the decanter, tore off his collar, and sent at once for his own vet, who gave orders which changed his beverage into milk and his temper into bitterness. Most cruel of all, he could never bear Rufus in his sight again.

Pains was not afraid of any such reaction from Michael. The danger he foresaw was of a very different kind. As he well knew,

he was a working dog and a little overbred, and his personal weakness was shyness. The trouble was that Sarah had distinctly said, in one of her bursts of extravagant affection for him, that if he would only talk they would put him on television and make a fortune.

IN his heart, Pains knew that he would do anything in the world for Michael and almost anything for Sarah, so on that occasion when she had laid her blond head, which was as silky as his own, against his ear and whispered the information, chill horror had struck deep into his soul.

Pains saw quite a lot of television. Sometimes Michael left it on for him by mistake-on-purpose, when he was to be left alone in the flat of an evening, and one night he had seen the judging of the finals at Cruft's.

No in-bred Victorian Miss suddenly confronted by a bathing beauty contest in Atlantic City could have reacted more violently than had Pains to that programme. He had sat alone before the screen, his eyes bulging and his neck hairs bristling as at an enemy. The idea of a gentleman having his feet examined, his tail measured, his teeth discussed in public, before a critical audience, not only in a hall but in every sitting-room throughout the Kingdom, shook him to depths he did not know he possessed.

Ever since that night the prospect of appearing himself, uttering secret thoughts, being jollied along by hearty announcers for the better entertainment of bored dogs the country over, had haunted him so horribly that he trembled whenever he considered it.

It was the church clock chiming the three-quarters which pulled him together. Sarah was still singing, but was making it clear that she was coming to the end of her preparations. Pains could smell her perfume and she always sprayed that out

Continued overleaf



If he would only talk they would put him on television and make a fortune

(Continuing from page 29)

Word in Season

of the atomiser last thing before the final dab at her chin with the puff.

He looked at Michael and, with that ecstatic sympathy which is the great canine gift, felt his unhappiness even more acutely than the sufferer himself. Recklessness seized him and he faced the fearful consequences with unblinking courage. Raising himself gracefully to his haunches he laid a red paw on the beloved knee. Then, summoning every ounce of energy in his nervous system for the supreme effort, he opened his mouth carefully.

"I love you," he said, clearly.

MICHAEL regarded him dully with brooding, painfilled eyes. His hand found the flat red head and caressed the floss silk ears.

"I know you do, old boy," he said absently. "I know you do."

They were sitting there, perfectly still, Michael half comforted, Pains dumb with gratitude at the danger past, when Sarah came sweeping in three minutes later.

She paused in the doorway, looking round suspiciously like a guilty little girl, mystified and curious. She was staggeringly beautiful. Like a Golden Cocker pup, Pains thought. At last she sidled over to Michael and stood before him.

"Who were you talking to? Someone was here, I heard you?"

Michael regarded her sombrely from beneath lowered lids.

"I was chatting with my best friend," he said with dignity. "With a very decent, self-respecting gent whose company I much prefer to any I can hope to meet in any Battersea cellar this evening. We're very comfortable, aren't we, Pains?"

Pains was too overcome to reply. He opened his mouth and made the effort, but emotion choked him.

Sarah began to laugh. She could laugh like nobody else, the sparkle welled up into her eyes until they trembled and glowed like sapphires in water. She threw her arms round Michael and swarmed all over him until she was seated on his knee and was caressing Pains with one silk-shod foot.

"Oh, darlings," she said. "You *are* adorable fools. It's no good Michael, I do love you better than anybody else in the world. You're such an ape. Who else would sit there making up a voice for Pains so that you could have somebody to talk to? I heard the two voices distinctly. All right, my pets. You win. We'll stay in. What were you telling each other? Secrets?"

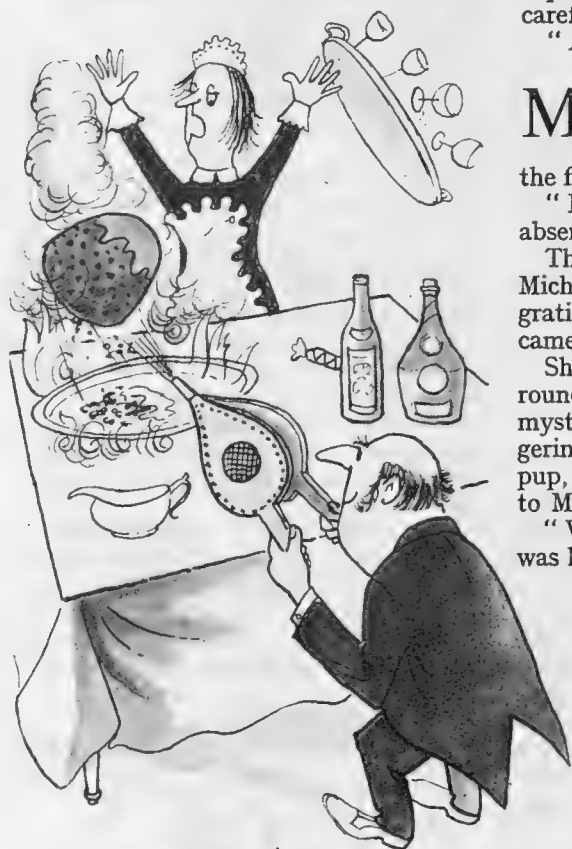
Michael's arms closed round her with that possessive satisfaction which requires no explaining.

"We spoke of family matters," he said primly. "Pains feels we ought to have one. He's tired of watching television alone."

Pains gave his tail a token swing and sighed. That was what he liked about Michael. He understood a fellow and never betrayed a confidence. He might have mentioned it to them both if the clock had not chimed the hour.



Safety first



Trial and error



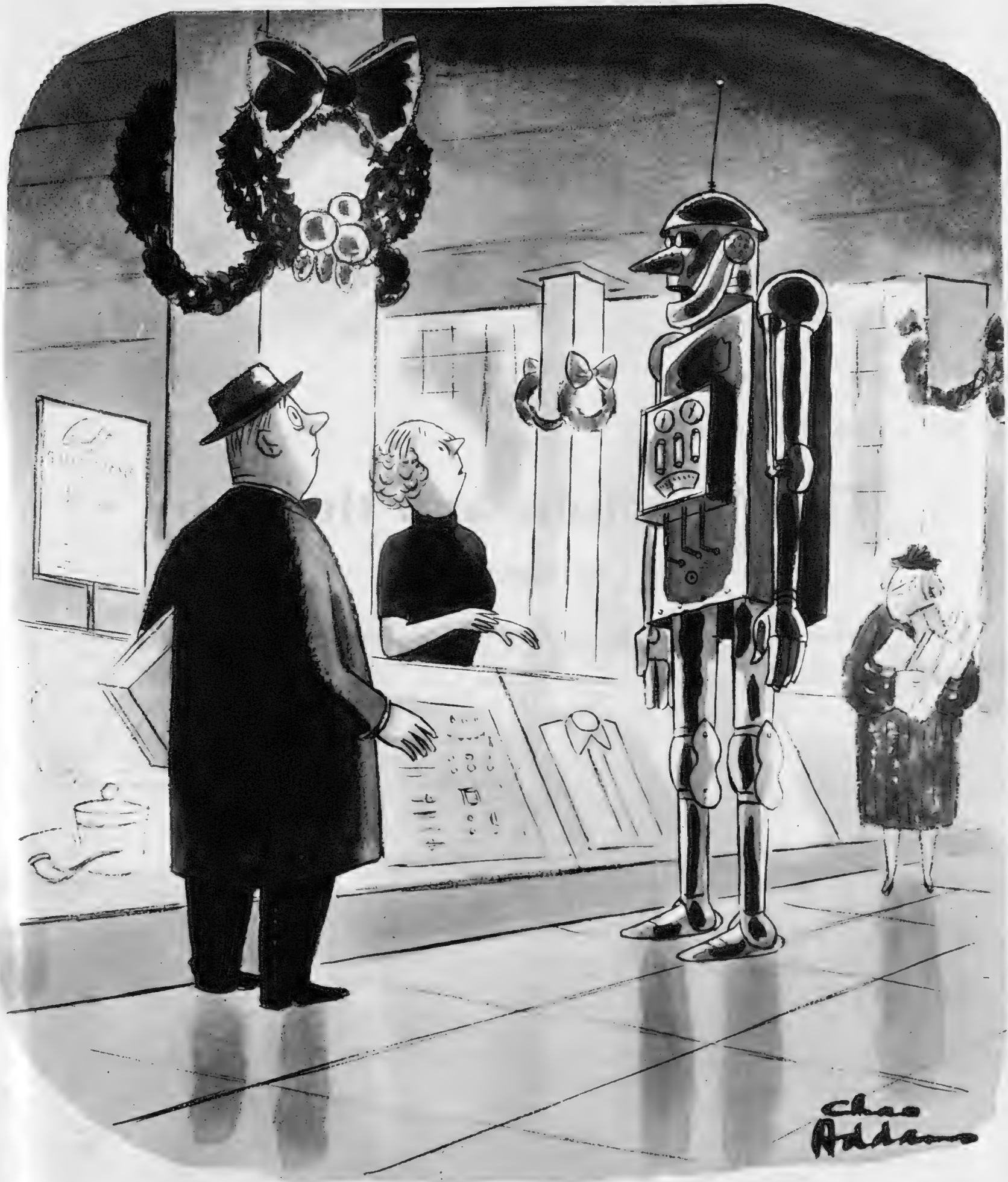
Deadly menace



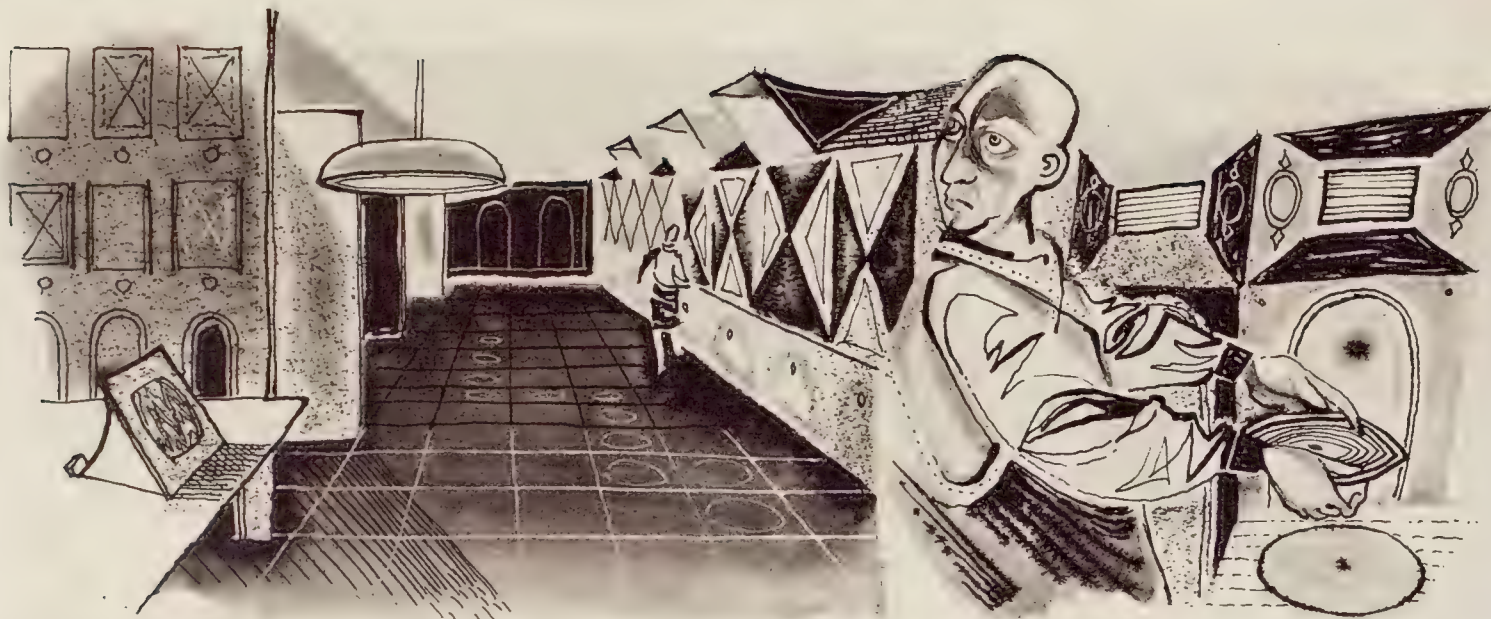
4 METHODS OF LIGHTING
THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

—by Phil Meigh

Blazing inferno



"Something — inexpensive — for a — scientist"



Three Tales of Christmas

No. 3. The Far Future

The Astrolobe and the Baby

by Nancy Spain

I WAS in the Laboratory, supervising the final educational stimuli of a batch of adolescent astrolobes in their white, hygienic, air-proof, plastic lockers, when the call came over the Inter-com. I knew it was urgent because I knew the voice of the Astrolobe on Information. It was a Grade One Astrolobe calling for

"Number 23875, please. To the control tower. Astrolobe Number One wants you. Number 23875, please. To Astrolobe Number One in the Control Tower. Promptly, please. At once."

I am 23875. But this Astrolobe/F (Female) was an old acquaintance. We had often spent an evening together under Public Pleasure Stimulus—and on one of these excursions she had agreed to call me "75". . . . But she didn't do this now, and she didn't refer to Number One by his more or less public name of The Old Man. So I knew the matter must be supremely urgent.

I handed over my responsibilities to a Young Scientific Astrolobe in Training. I left him in charge of Musical Education plus Calorific Intake. All he had to do was inject glucose hourly and change the gramophone records, and there wasn't much could go wrong; still I gave him a solemn warning.

"Now see here," I told him, "when you have finished with those Bach fugues remember to change over to Wagner. Your predecessor forgot and his entire batch became hopelessly mentally over-developed through too much Bach and the whole lot had to be destroyed." I paused to let that sink in and he said "Yessir," so I added, just for good measure, "So did the Astrolobe in Charge," and I was glad to see he went pale. Then I clambered out of my

overalls into my street suit, clearly marked 23875 on breast and back.

The Laboratory is right down in the sub-sub-basements of London Central. There is a movement afoot to abolish this old-fashioned name, meaningless to so many astrolobes, and re-christen it with something more suitable to the times in which we live, The Year of The Old Man 3,000,003. But so far nothing has been done about it. As I shot up in the lift, propelled at a speed of about 80 miles an hour to the upper crust, I grumbled a little. You can't blame me. What a thing. To be sent for on a Monday morning. What next. I glanced at the Calendar at the back of the lift to see *what* Monday morning it was and was surprised (but no more) to see it was the 25th day of the twelfth month. I still thought it was a pretty tricky business relieving a Senior Astrolobe of his duties in the middle of the morning.

THE lift bumped gently to a stop and I stood in the Main Hall. It was a lovely day outside through the swing doors, but I had to go on up in another express lift 5,000 ft. above London Central to the Control Tower. Two Astrolobes of my own seniority raised hands in greeting and one called out "Come and have a stimulus at the back bar," but I shook my head. Best not to be over-stimulated when you go to see The Old Man. You might talk out of turn. The Express Lift went up too quickly for real comfort. In spite of the gadgets that we fit over our own listening apparatus I still felt the faint pung! and buzz! against my bone conduction . . . so I stepped out into the bright sunlight on floor 50068 somewhat dazed. I was right above the airport here, and if I looked over the edge, could see traffic arriving from all

parts of the world. The air was humming with the roaring and vibrating of engines. I could see hovering helicopters of the inter-city distribution service. They were setting down and picking up passengers. They seemed in a well-organised cloud, like insects swarming: as indeed they should. For ever since 200,000, when The Old Man decreed that henceforth we would copy the insects in their marvellous efforts for survival, we have almost completely resembled



the higher insect world. This was the date on which, of course, we decided to rear Embryonic Astrolobes from the chrysalis and larva stage, injecting them with the necessary extracts in hygienic plastic cells. Very like an old-fashioned beehive, the world of 300,000,000 and 3.

I stood for a second, blinking, in the hall of the great penthouse, where Astrolobe Number One, the Old Man, now lived all the year round; now that he had got the weather under control as well as everything else, and could bask in sun as hot as the tropics whenever he wished. Robot doors opened before me again. And there he stood, advancing towards me now with his characteristic gait: thick-set and short, three million and seventy-six years old. Yet I always feel he's much younger than I am. (They say such strange things about him, the Old Man. How he is immortal and years ago discovered the secret of eternal youth. How he sticks to strange, old-fashioned pleasures that he says are dangerous for Astrolobes. Certainly I doubt if I could stand the amount of sun he soaks up as a habit. I'd sooner wear my "goldfish bowl," as he calls our oxygen filters.) His face is broad and brown with sun, very very different from my pale, thin, drawn scientific mug.

"Waal, Ben," he says. Goodness knows why he calls me Ben. Names like this went out long, long ago at the time of the first Ant War with the United States Control when The Old Man said numbers were so much easier. "There's all hell let loose today, my boy. Look down there on Runway Three."

I STEPPED beside him to the parapet of the balcony. We were so high up I swayed a little but he caught me by the arm and rolled up the Far Vision three-mile window.

Instantly Runway Three seemed as close as he did. There seemed nothing much out of the ordinary there. A helicopter of Trans-Jordan Flight Number 56728 was putting down and I said so.

"Y-a-a-a-as. That's the helicopter. They have something that describes herself as a Woman on board."

"A woman, sir?"

"Ya-as. Oh. Don't they teach you 'Women' in your history classes any more? No. Sorry, I forgot. You don't know what a woman is, do you? They were abolished around the time we took on insect behaviour. You must take my word for it. They're something like an Astrolobe-F Female but far less hygienic."

"Less hygienic than an *Astrolobe-F Female*, sir? Good Astrolobe One, sir, how awful."

"Ya-a-as indeed. Awful is the word."

I looked down at the airport: the green, close cropped turf, the tarmac runways glittering in the hot sun. The helicopter taxied to a stop, the roof slowly opened and little figures like ants ran forward with a gangway. First two figures out were obviously Astrolobes of a high Intelligence Quota. They carried briefcases and they nipped down ahead of everyone, getting ahead by sheer weight of intelligence. Next passenger out was a very different matter. I screwed up my eyes and tried to focus them again.

"Ya-as," said the Old Man beside me. "That's her. Says she's going to have a baby."

[Continued on page 37]



CHRISTMAS CHASE

81 TRAGEDY! Fracture COLLAR-BONE during to-day's HUNT. BACK to 87 - so help you!

80

79 SEE Headless LADY in long Gallery (or DID I?) ANYWAY... STREAK MADLY on to 92

78

77 Pot Host's High BIRD during Boxing Day Shoot... Miss a TURN ONCE AGAIN

76

75 Accidental SPOONERISM during Charades causes BURNING Faces all round. MISS TURN

74

73 End Less Anecdotes from Host over the Port MISS TWO TURNS

72

71 Christmas DINNER Totally Unable to Move and "ONE" is thrown

70

69 Caught below Stairs by Hostess BACK to 62

68

67 Brief Walk with Cherry Dogs... Party of 69

66

65 A gentle Drooping of the Eyelids after Luncheon. No Move until "ONE" is THROWN

64

63 BILLARDS & old Brandy an IMPERFECT combination MISS a TURN

62

61 Trump Purrs at AGE...

60

59 Sink through floor & come UP

58

57 CAROL Singing... DETECTED USING UNORTHODOX Version in HIGH falsetto... BACK to 50

56

55

54 OWNER of ROLLS has number of COMMENTS to Make.. detained UNTIL "3" is THROWN

53

52

51 Verbose Welcome from Host & Hostess. NO MOVE UNTIL "3" is thrown

50

49 PULL UP WITH FLOURISH at FRONT door-but most unfortunately ADJACENT wings of MISS a TURN.

48

47 Here WE ARE! GAD! old FINCH is showing his AGE... Before DATE'S OPEN

46

45 Promptly Gorged by Police MISS a TURN

44

43 Here's the Village. Nearly There! Accelerate to 45

42

41 Cows Crossing; Stand on Zebra's Hind - Miss Turn

40

39

38

37 Mr. PANDLEBURY'S are trying to overtake... Accelerate to 40

36

35

34

33 ONE of our little DIZZY Spells.. REST for a TURN

32

31

30

29 FOG Somehow Seems MUCH worse.. back to 26

28

27 FIND COELACANTH in BEER... BACK to 24

26

25 THE GRIFFIN at lunch with the BOLEBURY'S and surprising by TWO turns

24



William Morris

A spring day with the Beaufort

THE Duke of Beaufort's hounds are seen here with their joint-Master, the 10th Duke of Beaufort, at a meet at Worcester Lodge on the Beaufort Estate in Gloucestershire—a favourite meeting place as hounds can move off to many coverts from this point. The pack, which has never been out of the hands of the family since its establishment, first hunted the stag, and the date at which it changed to foxhunting is not known. The 5th Duke, however, is known to have had foxhounds at Badminton in 1786

Continuing Nancy Spain's story of the Far Future—

The Astrolobe and the Baby

She stood there, young, olive-skinned, black-haired, sloe-eyed. She had immense dignity. She was grave and unhurried. She used movements more than a million years old as she raised the hem of her skirt and shielded her body. Gracefully she came down the sloping gangway towards me. (The long-distance Vistaglass made her so close that I felt she was almost going to come into my arms.) And it seemed to me that she raised her eyes to me and smiled. I gasped.

"Ya-a-as," said the Old Man. "It must be stopped. You can see already the sort of effect she is going to have on other Astrolobes of greater emotional content and less intelligence."

Two of these were helping her down the gangway, two of them were carrying a little bundle of her belongings.

"Why is she dressed like that?" I said. "Those blue robes and things must be very unhygienic?"

I had never even imagined that colour before. It was like the sky above us, deep, clear and peaceful.

"What was that you said, sir?"

"I didn't say anything. I expected better of you. An Astrolobe of your IQ, standing there gawping like that."

"No, no, sir. Before that, sir. Before I said that about her gown... you said something about how she said she was going to have... Where did she come from, sir?"

"Wa-a-a-ll now, which questions do you want answering and in what order?"

THE Old Man crossed the room ahead of me to the maps and rolled one down. It showed the South Pacific and the South Atlantic, and that strange tip of the continent which used to be called Tierra del Fuego—it looks like the skeleton of an old-time mammal: a mountain sheep or something. He put one sunburnt stubby finger on the spot.

"See these islands there?" he said. "We always thought they were uninhabited. Too far south, too, to do any harm... too isolated to confuse the rest of the world. Wa-a-ll. A helicopter of the Trans-Jordan Flight ran out of fuel about a week ago and put down there. It was miles off course and the pilot... an Astrolobe of average IQ... became extremely unsettled in his habits as a result of his sojourn there. He told an incredible story when we picked him up..." The Old Man switched the magnetic inter-spacial wrist connection on his forearm and remarked into it: "Get me that boy who came down in Tierra del Fuego." Then the Old Man turned back to me and his eyes seemed to burn bright yellow, as he explained how he had babbled

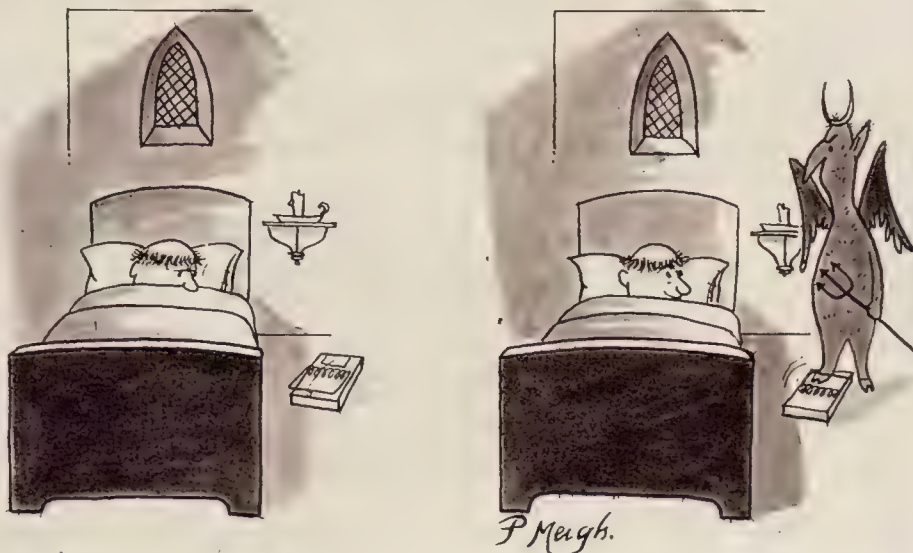
on his return. "Extraordinary things he said... little brown children dancing in the surf... beautiful women with lustrous eyes... happy fatherhood... love... all these things which were abolished as so wasteful and destructive to the general well-being 2,000,000 years ago."

"None of those words mean anything to me, sir."

"Then you're very lucky, my boy," said the Old Man.

THE receiving set on his wrist began to jibber and crackle, and he angrily twisted the control, trying to get perfect reception. Then we heard the voice of the Astrolobe crying, "I know what love is... I learnt what love was... ahhhhh... no, not that again... I promise I won't," and there was a terrible scream as the voice died away to nothingness. I shivered in spite of the hot sunshine up there on the Control Tower.

"What are you doing to him?" I said.



"I?" The Old Man was very affronted. "I'm up here on the Control Tower with you. They're brain-washing him, I expect. Yes, that'll be it. Brain-washing him."

"Oh..." I said. "I see." But a shiver of horror ran up my spine.

"Wa-a-all," said the Old Man. "That kind of stuff is very dangerous. You think this primitive community may be doing no harm, living there on their island. But come the Ants... and worse... what then? The human race go under, my boy. And I have kept them Top Race for 2,000,000 years."

I must have looked worried, for he suddenly patted me on the shoulder.

"Oh, go on," he said. "Don't you worry about the ethic of it at all. That's for me to fuss about. You go and look after that wretched woman and her baby..."

There was a long pause between us, in that sunlit, silent room.

"That was the word, sir."

"What?" He had turned away from

me, bored by me. Our interview was at an end.

"Baby, sir. What is a 'baby'?"

He turned back to me again and looked at me for a long, long time.

"Of course," he said, slowly. "You don't know, do you? You can't remember, can you? Well... well... well..."

He stared out across the great runways, smiling enigmatically.

"She may be lying," he said. "You write me a report about it."

And that was that. Almost immediately I was rushing down in the lift, racing down to the sub-sub-basement where I would presently encounter the fascinatingly unscientific unknown.

WHEN I actually came near enough to her to touch her I was most fascinated, I think, by her eyes. The eyes of Astrolobes are mostly pale: grey and colourless, like clear water. Very, very seldom do we get a deviation from grey... and if we do it is usually only in the direction of blue... pale blue. This woman's eyes were dark, dark-brown like prunes. They seemed hot, somehow, and pleased to see me. This, I found incredible. After all, I might be ordering brain-washing for her, any minute now. She was sitting in her bright-blue robe in a corner of Intake when I came up to her.

"Sit down, please," I think she said.

"I am glad to know you."

"What shall I call you?" I said. For I already had out my big clip board and my fountain-pen, and I was preparing to write the first words of my report.

"You may call me Mary," she said. And for some reason, I can't say what, another cold shiver went up and down my spine. "And I would like to lie down somewhere quiet."

I looked at her in horror. For, of course, everything was as noisy as it could be at Intake; and back at my own laboratory there was a constant stream of Bach and Wagner and other music coming over the conditioning plant. Come to think of it, the

only quiet place I had ever been in that I could remember was the Control Tower.

I must have gawped and gasped and swallowed.

"The Old Man said nothing about that," I said.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I remember the poor young pilot whom we rescued at sea told us all about him. He sounded a little like Herod the King."

Her face changed suddenly and the gentleness left it. She bit her lip and she seized me by the forearm.

"Listen," she said. "You must find me somewhere to lie down, quickly."

So we set out on our terrible tour of London Central. The Brave New World, according to the Old Man, is all very fine and hygienic, but it isn't exactly quiet. I tried hundreds of spots, but none of them pleased her. And she was getting weaker

Continued overleaf

Continuing from page 37

The Astrolobe and the Baby



every minute. You may wonder why I bothered, but she was strangely compelling? Rather like the Old Man, she could get me to do anything she wanted. In the end, in despair, I clambered back, pushing her ahead of me, into the Express Lift to the Control Tower. We whizzed upwards and she put her hands to her ears and moaned. I had forgotten to tell her to put the bone conductors to work. Then we were outside the robot doors again. But this time they didn't open for me. I hammered on them, I swore . . . but they were fast closed. An astrolobe put its head out and said the Old Man was in conference. But they opened the doors for us just the same and we staggered in together; she, very far gone by now; me holding her up as best I could.

The Old Man came stalking towards us with his brow like thunder.

"MADAM!" he cried in a terrible voice. Then his face seemed to change as though he had recognised her. He hung his head and he began to mumble.

"She needs somewhere to lie down," I said. "So she says. And she doesn't like the noise."

The Old Man stalked before us to a sliding door just by his map-case. There was a private room there that I never knew existed.

"You may rest in here," he said. And didn't look at her at all. But he added another word under his breath, one of the strange words which I didn't recognise. I may have been wrong, but it sounded like "mother."

Then he closed the door behind us both and the woman and I were together in silence. The door opened again only once, when the Old Man leant in and said: "You'll need some boiling water, I suppose; there's an electric kettle in the corner."



The next twelve hours dragged out: and, believe me, they were very beautiful. I have often had strange dreams of pain and tears and then I have remembered some of the things that beautiful woman told me. She spoke about human beings and something she called God . . . of Love which surpasses everything and terrible nights when little children were put to the sword by Herod the King. She told me of a flight through crackling blue-black nights and blue dazzling days to Egypt. . . . I had heard of Egypt and she had mentioned Herod the King before, but what she meant by Love I did not know. I thought perhaps that it was something like "Baby," and I suggested it could perhaps be an embryo astrolobe: for I have often had strange sensations about these when I have been looking after them. I have felt sorry for them; poor little things.

"Time is running out," she said. "Go and boil the water, as he told you."

AND when I came back this incredible thing had happened. A pink and blissful howling wriggling thing was there with her. His tiny fists flailed my eyes and he poked me on the chin when I picked him up; and when he opened his eyes, still howling, and glared at me, salt water started from my eyes and fell on his face. He had a ridiculous tuft of hair, I remember, which touched me strangely, for astrolobes are always bald. And a blaze of intelligence seemed to burn in them: and I said out loud, "So this is a baby."

"Give Him to me," she said. "Give Him to His Mother." I knelt down then and she said, "Glory to God in the Highest," and then she tucked him in the corner of her blue robe. Then she told me, with the sweetest smile I have ever seen, to go and fetch the Old Man.

"Whatever shall I tell him?" I said. She wouldn't say.

But when I opened the door, he seemed quite to expect me. He came away from the balcony and the hot sunlight, and he knelt down beside her and he undid his wristal magnetic amplifier and dangled it for the baby to see.

"Hey!" he said. "Hey!" for the baby had hold of it and was tugging at it, strongly. "Fine grip you've got . . ." Then his face darkened a little as he looked down at the woman in her blue robe. "It looks as if we have a new Ruler of the World," he said.

THE END

ON CHRISTMAS DAY



HARGREAVES.

My Lord and Savior's Prais!
Awake from Sloth, for that alone
destroys,
'Tis Sin defiles, 'tis Sloth puts out
thy Joys.
See how they run from place to place,
And seek for Ornaments of Grace,
Their Houses deckt with sprightly Green,
In Winter makes a Summer seen;
They Bays and Holly bring
As if 'twere Spring!

Hark! how remoter Parishes do
sound!

Far off they ring
For thee, my King,

Ev'n round about the Town:

The Churches scatter'd over all the
Ground

Serv for thy Prais, who art with
Glory crown'd.

This City is an Engin great

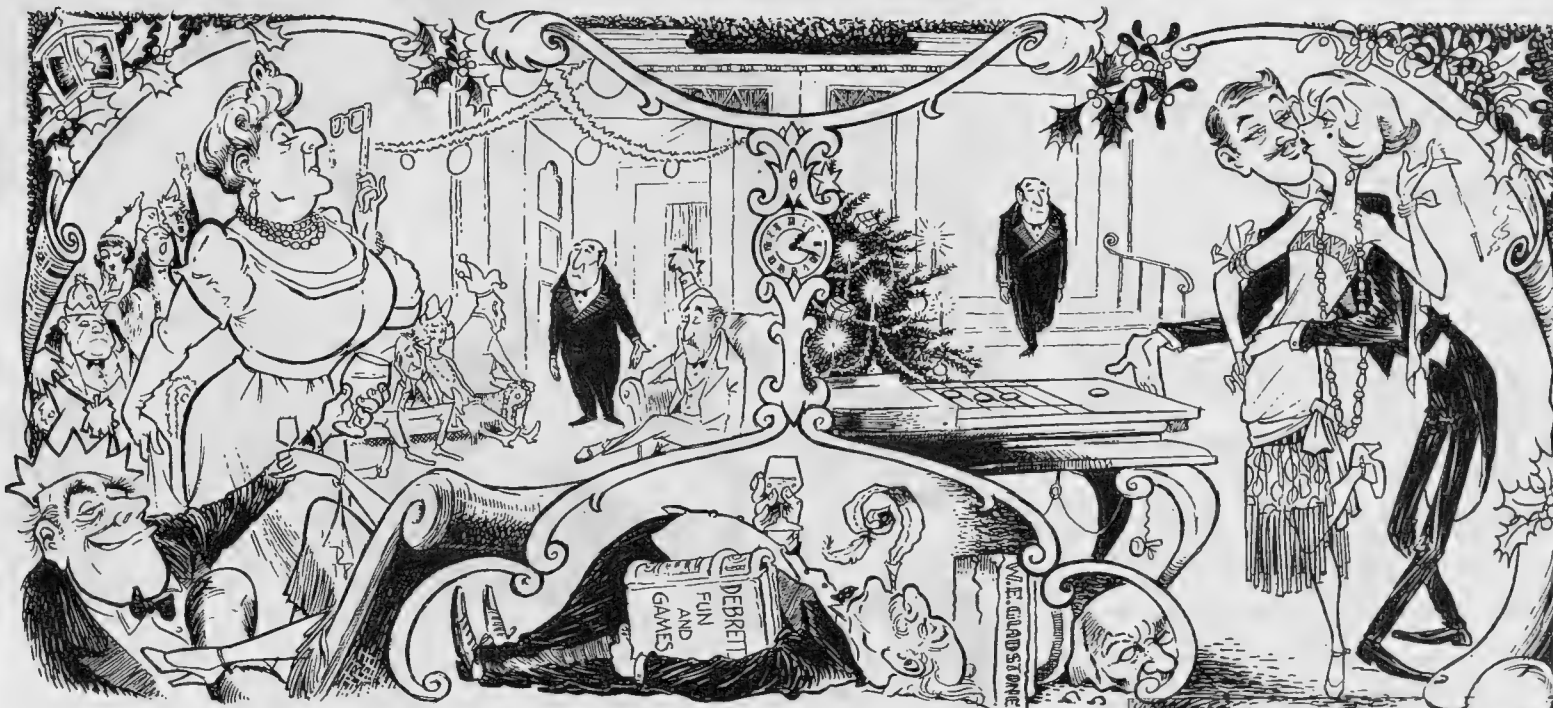
That makes my Pleasure more
compleat;

The Sword the Mace, the Magistrate,
To honor Thee attend in State;

The whole Assembly sings;

The Minster rings.

—THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636-1674)



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, the well-known historian, philosopher, cricketer, numismatist and anti-philatelist, turning his attention to the ancient game of shuffleboard and its sinister history, writes on

Fun, Games, and— a Dull, Sickening Thud

When the party begins to flag, the popular guest is the one who can instantly suggest a really amusing game. I am never at a loss.
—(Jack the Ripper, letter to *The Times*, Christmas 1895.)

THIS celebrated attempt to alleviate the burdens of the British hostess at this season evoked some criticism, as you will discover on looking up the files. Nobody feels like a noisy romp at 2 a.m. on Boxing Day, a duchess observed coldly. Fully-gorged pythons are not such fools as to bounce and racket about, a leading zoologist pointed out. The cry, in fact, then as now, was for something finally sedative but interesting to dulcify the rigours of the British Christmas. The ancient game of shuffleboard seems to me to fill the bill ideally.

Shuffleboard is said to offer little of dramatic value to the jaded spectator, unlike (say) lawn tennis, in which a long afternoon's boredom is more than compensated by that final bloodfreezing kiss over the Centre Court net. But to those who imagine that shuffleboard is incapable of stirring deep emotions I commend a study of Vol. XCV of *Famous British Trials* ("The Merrythought Hall Case"), in which the murder of Squire Nero Merrythought, a great one for harrying indisposed Christmas guests with after-dinner games, is not, as it happens, the principal motif. What topline shuffleboard men know as the Parker-Bradbury Approach, then a novelty, occupies some 23 of the 35 pages devoted to the trial itself.

The case may be briefly summarised. When, shortly after 2.15 a.m. on Boxing Day, 1922, James Pendleton Harbottle, butler at Merrythought Hall, announced to the occupants of the blue drawing-room that he had just found his master lying dead in the library, felled by a marble bust of Mr. Gladstone, very little interest was aroused. Lying round distended, exhausted,

and bitterly resentful after a typical Merrythought Hall Christmas, few of the Squire's guests bothered to open their eyes. "All right, Harbottle," said a voice at length, and the butler retired to the hall, where two of the younger guests were playing a protracted series at the shuffleboard. Their names were Blake Transom (25) and Myra Gathercole (21). On Harbottle's announcement they exchanged a glance of quizzical dismay.

"Whom do you suspect, Harbottle?" asked Transom casually.

"Everybody in the house, sir," said Harbottle.

"It was bound to come," said the girl, with a thoughtful expression on her charmingly piquant face.

"Yes, miss," said Harbottle, and returned to his quarters. The arrest of Blake Transom at his London club a week later and his appearance at Old Bailey the following April may be said to have begun the present national vogue of shuffleboard, to which the publicity given to the judge's shrewd discussion of the Parker-Bradbury Approach contributed not a little. The actual crime was not very interesting, being carried out by an arrangement of hidden wires whereby Transom's stroke at a given moment dislodged a tiny peg in the board actuating a series of weights and a lever behind the Gladstone bust on a bookcase in the library on the floor above. Today it would be more efficiently done by electricity. The real interest of the trial, before Mr. Justice Cheese, begins with Myra Gathercole's cross-examination by Mr. Howl, K.C. Relevant extracts:

MR. HOWL: When did this man Transom

Continued overleaf



Continuing from page 39

Fun, Games, and—a Dull, Sickening Thud

first come into your life, Miss Gathercole?—I really can't remember. He's been coming in and out of my life at intervals during the last three years at least.

THE JUDGE: What are you trying to establish, Mr. Howl?—Mlud, our case is that this young lady, under Transom's influence, knowingly played the fatal stroke.

THE JUDGE: I want to hear more about the game.

The next two hours were devoted to the Parker-Bradbury Approach, which Transom was one of the first shuffleboard men in the country to adopt and perfect. The initial angle-of-incidence of palm to board, as laid down by Parker and Bradbury in *Clear Thinking on Shuffleboard Problems* (1921) is now so generally in use by experts that it scarcely needs mention here; nor does the relation in terms of energy-coefficients between what is called "parabolic offset" and "qualitative-impact A". The Siphthorpe Stance, combining grace and propulsive accuracy with total concavity of what Bond Street calls "the lower back"—always a major problem—was of course the later invention of Miss Prudence (Babs) Siphthorpe of All-England fame.

In the witness-box Blake Transom showed up very well, answering the judge's keen questions on technicalities with manly composure. Only once, it seems, did his voice falter:

THE JUDGE: With regard, Mr. Transom, to all these entrances into and exits out of the life of Miss Gathercole: I take it this was due to your anxiety to perfect her style?—Chiefly, my lord. She is still a little inclined to what we call "needling" at the *point d'appui*.

THE JUDGE: If she was doing this on the night in question she can hardly have played the stroke which killed old What's-his-name?—No, my lord.

THE JUDGE: You admitted to Mr. Howl that not long before the fatal stroke you kissed her exquisite little palm. Would this produce "needling" at the board?—(Here the accused faltered and murmured something inaudible.)

THE JUDGE: Come clean, Transom. Is love-making an integral part of the game or is it not?—A lot of it goes on, my lord.

THE JUDGE: In championship matches?—Yes, my lord.

THE JUDGE: Parker and Bradbury notwithstanding?—In Appendix B they describe it as un-English.

THE JUDGE: A little pink palm certainly has allure, a large red one has not. Now, Mr. Transom, as to wooden v. metal boards. (Etc., etc.).

The jury's verdict of "Murder by some person or persons unknown, and probably the butler, however banal," was received with applause (Harbottle executed, May 18). Like the trial of Dr. Palmer, the poisoner, which so vividly interests racing men, the Merrythought Hall Case occupies a distinctive niche in the Temple of British Sport. One cannot of course promise hostesses that the average shuffleboard game will develop so interestingly, and the occasion we have been surveying seems the only one so far in which the game has actually been adapted for the purposes of murder. It is suggested here merely for its sedative aspects; soothing the living and in no way disturbing the peace of guests who may be asleep or dead. Good night.



When We Invented

The Mistletoe Tradition

was one of many excuses

ONE of the more endearing customs of the English, said Erasmus, was their addiction to kissing. "Wherever you go you are received with kisses by all; when you take your leave, kisses are expected. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, kisses all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses."

Yet the English were by no means content to kiss coming and going. They liked to kiss in between times as well. Especially at Christmas, which called for exceptional assertions of good will.

THEY had the grace to invent pretexts for their Christmas kissing. Thus, they hung up mistletoe and various kissing boughs, and spread the fiction that girls who were not kissed thereunder would never marry. They danced dances which were punctuated by kissing. And for good measure they indulged in children's games like Kiss in the Ring.

No wonder it got Stubbes down. "What kissing and bussing, what smouching and slabbering one of another!" he exclaimed. It was May Day revelry which prompted this outburst, but he would have been the first to agree that Christmas festivities were also designed to "blow up Venus' coal."

The folk-lorists are inclined to be reticent about these kissing games, and try to find respectable explanations for them. Thus, says one authority, "Kiss in the Ring is probably a relic of the earliest form of marriage by choice or selection." If that is



Kiss In The Ring

ERNEST TURNER, author of the celebrated "shocking" histories of Courtship, Advertising and Blood-and-Thunder, turns his erudite attention to those customs which are the forerunners of Postman's Knock, Sardines, and Murder, among other equally innocent and ancient pastimes

so, then Tick must be a relic of marriage by capture. Kiss in the Ring, incidentally, was no mere indoor sport; it was played on a large scale out-of-doors, on public holidays, notably on Hampstead Heath and Woolwich Common.

SOME encyclopædists of folk-lore decline to discuss kissing games at all, or if they do they refer to such pastimes as degenerate versions of something else, or are at pains to say "kissing does not prevail in all forms of this game." They describe at much length the ritual and incantations of games like Pillie Winkie, Prickey Sockey, Pally Uilly, Hynny Pynny, Frincy Francy and Teesty Tosty, not to mention Pirley Pease-Weep and Jauping Paste-Eggs. But when they come to a game with a promising name like Tickle-Me-Quickly they close up completely, or snap "No details," leaving it to be inferred that they know the details but consider them unsuitable for dissemination.

FROM these folk-lorists one might get the idea that an old English Christmas was a poetical but pallid occasion. A rather different impression may be gained from a work entitled *Round About Our Coal Fire, or Christmas Entertainments*, published in 1730 or thereby. The anonymous author admits that Christmas is not what it used to be: "There was once upon a time hospitality in the land; an English gentleman at the opening of the day [Christmas] had all his tenants and neighbours enter'd his hall at daybreak, the strong beer was broached and the Black Jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg and good Cheshire cheese. . . ." It behoved the

squire to be quickly out of bed and into his pants, because the first wave of insurgents from the village was headed by mummers and masquers who claimed the right of ransacking his wardrobe. Already, of course, everybody was kissing everybody else. The squire, instead of moaning about being a one-man welfare state, was busy bussing an equivocal beldam called Gamma Nigett, "in memory of things past." No less actively, his son was exercising the *droit de seigneur*, "mouling and tousling the blooming beauties of the tenants' daughters." In short, "the spirit of generosity ran through the whole house."

If the hackin (a sweetmeat pudding) was not boiled by daybreak, the maid responsible was seized by two young men and run round the market place "till she be shamed of her laziness . . . and what is more than this she shall not play with the young fellows that day but stand neuter like a girl in a winding sheet at a church door for a bastard child." By such threats, the maidens were imbued with a pliant and co-operative spirit.

THEN the games began. Puss in the Corner, says this author, is a harmless sport, in spite of what critics have said. He directs: "When a man catches his woman he must kiss her till her ears crack, or she will be disappointed if she is a woman of any spirit." A prudish woman may struggle and blush, but "though she won't stand a buss in publick she'll receive it with open arms behind the door."

Then there was Hoop and Hide, vaguely suggestive of "Murder" and "Sardines" as played in the roaring 1920's. The players were entitled to hide in any part of the house, including the squire's or anybody else's bed, and the penalty of discovery—who could have guessed?—was "kissing, etc."

In Questions and Commands the players were expected to answer lawful questions under penalty of "being smutted or paying forfeits." Writes the author:

At one of these entertainments I remember a gentleman was commanded to take a certain lady into the next room and make her squeak; he took the lady according to order and was free enough in a modest way; but Madam, says he, why don't you squeak? Sir, answered the lady, you are to make me squeak; but, returns

the gentleman, if you don't squeak I must pay forfeit. Why don't you make me, says the lady? And though there was a couch in the room and she was put to the Last Push she would not squeak and the poor gentleman was forced to pay the forfeit after he had taken so much pains with her. . . .

It is very doubtful whether "pains" is the right word. The Lady Who Would Not Squeak—a kinswoman of La Belle Dame Sans Merci—has been the bane of many a youth from generation to generation, nor is she extinct to-day.

Unfortunately, the writer does not list any other popular forfeits of the day. Among them, doubtless, were rude variations on the theme of "Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love the best."

THE author of *Christmas Entertainments* then disappoints his (modern) readers by wandering off into a foolish dissertation on witches and spectres. He makes it clear that in his view the good old Christmas is dead: "The geese which used to be fattened for honest neighbours have been of late sent to London and the quills made into pens to convey away the landlord's estate. The sheep are driven away to raise money to answer the loss at a game at dice or cards. . . ."

Yet even through the Age of Reason and the Age of Reform the English contrived to keep up their kissing games. It seems probable that Postman's Knock grew in popularity under Victoria and Albert. Apparently the game was of transatlantic origin, being once known as American Post. The rules authorised the postman, not only to name the recipient, but to state the amount of postage due, "the sum being discharged in kisses." In our own days there were abandoned youths who would name the merriest minx in the room and announce that there was four-and-sixpence to pay on the package.

To-day—but let's not speak of to-day. The robust free-for-all in the squire's mansion has degenerated into a decorous frolic over the teacups by the staffs of insurance offices on Christmas Eve.

Yet, come to think of it, one office Christmas party last year finished up in the *News of the World*. Perhaps the old Christmas spirit is not quite dead.





David Nixon, who will appear as Buttons in Emile Littler's new presentation of *Cinderella* at the Palace Theatre this year



In the 1870's Vesta Tilley deserted the music halls one Christmas to become a Principal Boy of great allure



Dan Leno, prince of comedians, brought unforgettable pathos as well as humour to the role of Buttons

"Go on, Cinders— Say you'll marry him!"

PANTOMIME has never been so heavily besieged as to-day, but its appeal survives ruggedly in face of the disdain of impresarios and the competition of space-fiction. Elspeth Grant, The TATLER film critic, here analyses with wit and affection the elements which go towards making it—in Britain at any rate—immortal; though a brew which is reputed to stupefy the visiting foreigner



Evelyn Laye was a joyous Cinderella on the Palladium stage in 1948

THE pantomime was *Cinderella*, and Uncle George, who had five tall sons and an unfounded notion that little girls were far better company, had taken me to see it as a special, private treat. From the moment the curtain rose, I sat mum—rapt away from Uncle George to a world of my own, from which I could not tear myself even in the interval: though I accepted the suitable refreshments offered by my gentle host, I did not speak a word. Pantomime was a new adventure too important for chatter.

Perhaps even patient Uncle George grew bored with a silence so obstinately maintained: anyway—in the hope, I suspect, of drawing from me some expression of admiration—when the Transformation Scene came along he burst out, in tones of exaggerated wonder, "Well, bless my buttons!" A cold, furious little voice beside him said: "He's not your Buttons—he's mine."

UNCLE GEORGE knew he was in the presence of first love at first sight. He said gravely, "I'm sorry. I should have said bless my wig and whiskers. Don't you think the Transformation's beautiful?" The possessive small monster looked gratefully at Uncle George for the first time that afternoon and whispered, "Yes—and I love you, too." We remained dear friends and *Cinderella* is still my favourite pantomime.

There is nothing odd about that: since the 1860's, when pantomime began to assume its present form and it became the fashion to take for a central theme some legend, fairytale or nursery rhyme dear to the hearts of children, *Cinderella* has been everybody's favourite—far outstripping in popularity *Dick Whittington*, *Aladdin* and *Babes in the Wood*.

Mr. Artie Shaw, an American band leader and jazz musician, whose recently published autobiography is entitled *The Trouble With Cinderella*, regards the Cinderella story as positively pernicious: it is responsible for much of the woe in the world, he contends, because it encourages people to believe that

\$ucce\$\$ (spelled with three dollar signs) is a matter of luck.

"Let's take a fast gander of what happens to Cinderella," he says, gloomily. "She winds up with this Prince of hers, after a dingy sort of life with a battle-axe of an old stepmother and a couple of beat-up crows for stepsisters. In one quick parlay she achieves (1) a Happy Marriage, (2) Wealth, (3) Social Position, (4) Prestige, etc., etc.—all of which, translated into twentieth-century terms, add up to a perfect blend of \$ucce\$\$." In reality, Mr. Shaw broods sourly, nothing like this ever happens and nobody lives happily ever after.

MR. SHAW takes the story too seriously—and so, of course, does Hollywood, which never stops re-telling it, under such titles as *How To Marry A Millionaire*, and in such terms as might well persuade the gullible that (to borrow another film title) *It Should Happen To You*.

The English, though, have a saving sanity which rejects the Cinderella story as a design for living. The pantomime, in which Prince Charming is a shapely lady, dapper Dandini a pretty soubrette, the Ugly Sisters a couple of male comedians and the Broker's Men jolly, prankish fellows, could scarcely more emphatically make the point that the fairytale is as remote from reality as can be.

The one human being in the whole merry farrago, the only character even the tots recognise as true and deserving of sympathy, is Buttons—the eternal Little Man, enjoying no more luck than the rest of us ordinary mortals, and claiming our affection through his gentleness and humility. There must be many women who could confess, as I do, that they fell in love with Buttons the very first time they saw him and still cherish for him a tender regard.

Comedians with the gift of pathos are ideal in the part and are invariably themselves moved by its effect upon the children. Mr. Bobby Howes, a small-boyish Buttons whom one yearned to mother, in 1944, was almost reduced to tears when a little girl in the stalls sobbed loudly "Oh, poor Buttons!"

"Poor Buttons!" Mr. Tommy Trinder, the rather more adult but still infinitely touching Buttons of the Palladium's *Cinderella* in 1948, told me: "The children shout 'Go on, Cinders—say you'll marry him!'—and I get a lump in my throat."

I do not know whether Mr. David Nixon, this year's West End Buttons, has ever played the part before: if not, it will probably be an unexpectedly heart-warming experience for him, for Buttons is undoubtedly the best beloved figure in all pantomime—now that romantic Harlequin and dear, decrepit Pantaloon have gone their ways, following sweet Columbine, the crumpled Policeman and naughty Clown, with his red-hot poker and string of stolen sausages, into oblivion.

NOTHING is left nowadays to indicate that pantomime stems from the Commedia del' Arte, or that when it was first performed in this country—at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1771—it was an elegant entertainment in dumb show. It continued so for many years until—perhaps with the passing of Mr. John Rich, "The greatest Harlequin of all time," to quote a living authority—its popularity declined and the Comedians took over. The airy and graceful Harlequinade became no more than a prologue (and subsequently, of course, a mere appendage) to a far lustier, more comical, elaborate and, eventually, vocal form of diversion.

It must not be thought that this brought pantomime into disrepute. Many of the great ones of the theatre, including Kean, Macready and Phelps, presented and played in pantomime and, according to a writer in 1864, "John Kemble himself, whom we may fairly accept as a type of severe legitimacy, would as soon have struck *Hamlet* or *Coriolanus* from his own repertory as he would have allowed Yuletide to pass away without its seasonable entertainment."

EVEN in our time, stars from other spheres have not scorned to participate in pantomime. Miss Fay Compton, whose "legitimacy" is as unquestionable as John Kemble's, played Prince Charming at the Stoll Theatre in 1942. I vividly recall this beautiful actress marching and counter-marching at the head of a military chorus of strapping girls—weaving intricate patterns and keeping the beat with a cool aplomb



Knowingness personified—this was Tommy Trinder's interpretation of Buttons at the Palladium seven years ago

that suggested she had served for years as a drum major.

It was in 1944 that Miss Binnie Hale temporarily deserted revue to give us a gay and fresh-voiced pantomime performance, also as Prince Charming in *Cinderella*—and Miss Evelyn Laye, queen of musical comedy, played the same part at the Palladium in 1948.

JUST how the tradition arose that Principal Boys should be played by women, one cannot guess—but it is known to have originated long before Miss Vesta Tilley donned the tights to play *Robinson Crusoe* in 1877. It is on record that "Mrs. C. Kemble played the young hero" in *Aladdin* at Covent Garden in 1813—and there appear to have been other ladies of that day bold enough to flout convention, for, at about the same time, "Mme. Vestris appeared in male attire" and was warmly commended for "the remarkable symmetry of her legs," though in what role I could not discover.

That a man should play the Dame is more readily understandable: my sex has little talent for the grotesque and, besides, no person of sensibility would wish to see a

woman subjected to the indignities endured by the Pantomime Dame. Yet Dames can have a sort of pathos of their own: my elders tell me Dan Leno, the greatest of them all, certainly had. I never saw him, but I did, in my distant youth, see his son, Dan Leno, Jr. Unless my memory deceives me, he played the Widow Twankey. In any case, I clearly recall him as a wispy little Dame, disarmingly displaying and then dispelling her delusions of grandeur: "You should see my boudoir—*what* a boudoir. Well . . . it's not exactly a boudoir. Not *exactly*. It's a little shake-down on the larder floor." I remember the line as if I'd heard it yesterday.

PANTOMIME is something exclusively British—there is nothing like it to be found anywhere in the world. If its practice of interchanging the sexes baffles the bewildered foreign visitor, why should we care?

To us, the originators of this unique form of entertainment, it is just part of the glorious topsy-turvydom, the feast of unreason, which has delighted us for at least a century and a half.



Mme. Vestris (1797-1856) helped to introduce the Prince Charming convention—though in a role now unknown



THE GREAT MEN ON CHRISTMAS

"Let us have 'Cuckolds All Awry,' the old dance of England."

CHARLES II.

"No wicked elf can strike that Holy night."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

"Clash, clang, hammer, ding-dong, hammer, clang, clash! Oh glorious, glorious!"

CHARLES DICKENS

"That truly exalted order of angels who are correctly called 'High Spirits.'"

G. K. CHESTERTON

"As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the Altar."

JOHN EVELYN (On Roundheads 1657).

"Very few men in the course of nature can expect to see all the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the Times which appears on the morning after Boxing Day."

THACKERAY

"Yule pudding, it was told me by Mr. Farquhar was a dish devised by a cook to King John, who boiled a plum duff in a cloth with spices, calling it Royal Sweatmeat."

JOHN AUBREY

"God man and beast, food wine and Grace, Thrice blessed place, thrice blessed feast."

JOHN DONNE

"Upon this day we will not consult Brother Jonathan."

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"Christmas may be blasphemous or commercial or a mechanism for nausea, but it is never political."

G. B. SHAW





THE DEVIATIONIST

PENELOPE, with silver spoon
Clamped 'tween her infant gums, quite
soon
Is certain she's absorbed enough
Of tiresome tarnishable stuff—
At twelve, her teachers, frantic, find
A ripening rash of "higher mind."

Mama, papa are pained to see
Thus blighted poor Penelope
And ponder plans to dispossess

The child of other-worldliness,
Convinced their duty is to keep
Her baaing with the little sheep.

Refractory all the season round,
Penelope the deb is found
Preposterously at her ease
With nuclear profundities
And, unrepentant, will not try
To flutter like a butterfly;
Her friends forgive, but can't forget,





by JEAN STANGER

Illustrations by
Glan Williams

*Her Hansard's thumb'd, uncut Debrett.
Rebuked, reviled, in dire disgrace,
Excrecent on the social face
Is Pen, but never will she be
Cajoled to craven euphemy—
One watches 'neath her candour squirm
Even the parlour pachyderm.*

*Sponsored for marriage by mama
Is "Bobo" Bootle, brave Hussar,
But Pen, unswayed by this behest,*

*In her refrigerated chest
Preserves, untapped, a penchant for
Primordial passion in the raw—
Some brute (with brains) who down the
stair
Would drag her homeward by the hair.*

*While in this atavistic mood
Penelope one day is wooed,
And now is piqued to find she's wed
A moron—muscleless—instead.*



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A lesson in gratitude

by Paul Holt

ALTHOUGH it is generally held that the sending out of Christmas cards is the greatest torture of the season, it need not be so. Robins will do. The agony created by people who like to put the names, addresses or telephone numbers of all their friends on a card, so that you are compelled to search through the whole thing to see if *you* are included, can be avoided.

Throw the card away.

But there is one Christmas task that cannot be avoided. The Thank You letter.

This must be done quickly, or not at all. For who can remember in the heap of pretty rubbish piling your sideboard who sent what and to whom, unless immediate action is taken?

The nicest Christmas Thank You I ever received came to me at 2 p.m. on the day itself. It was from my son, an unpredictable lad, and it read: "Dear Dad, Thanks for the tank. It goes like stink."

There is a contrast here from the letter sent by John the Youngest in the Duke of Norfolk's household to his father John Paston in 1462.

"RIGHT, reverend and worshipful Father, I recommend me unto you, beseeching you lowly of your blessing. Please it to you to have knowledge, that my Lord (of Norfolk) is like to keep his Christmas here in Wales . . . wherefore I beseech you, that you would vouchsafe to send me some money, for, as it is not unknown to you, I have but two Nobles in my purse.

"The bearer hereof should buy me a Gown with part of the money, if it pleases you to deliver him as much money as he may buy it with . . . for I have but one gown here and that is my Livery Gown and we must wear them every day . . . and one gown without change will soon be done.

"As for tidings, my Lord of Warwick rode forth into Scotland with twenty thousand men, and Sir William Tunstall is like to be beheaded.

"Your son and lowly servt, J. Paston."

I bet the lad got the money and the gown; for that is the most perfect beg-you-thank-you letter I can recall.

TEN years later this boy was showing another facet of his talent for Christmas letter writing. He didn't like the present his worshipful papa had sent him, and so wrote:

"Right worshipful Sir, I recommend me to you, thanking ye most heartily of your diligence and cost which ye had in getting of the Hawk

which ye sent me, for well I wot the labour and your trouble in that matter was as much as though she had been the best of the world, but so God help me, she shall never serve but to lay eggs for she is as good as lame in both her legs, as every man may see at eye; wherefore all folk advise me to cast her into some wood.

"But for God's sake and there be any cheap Goshawk that might be gotten I require you once trouble yourself for me in this matter, and be out of my clamour.

"I pray you for your ease ply these matters. Adieu. J. Paston."

It should be noted how the lad is growing up.

BUT the modern style is different.

A modern wife to a husband in foreign parts abroad:

"Dear Joe, Thanks darling. What an odd little fellow your ju-ju model is. Are you sure he's quite decent? Anyway, I gave him to Jennifer, who knows far more about these things than I do, and she simply *won't* throw him out of the pram, so it must be all right.

"Joe has lost two more teeth and Mark—whose Michaelmas term report is *disgraceful*, has begun a crush on the new cook. She's a bit buxom, which isn't her fault, but I'm afraid she'll have to go. You remember the Austrian one, don't you, darling? Like father like son. Hurry home, my popchik. I can't wait to tell you what Marjery's been up to. I have a very nice tie I bought for you at Thingummy's in Jermyn Street. Hurry. xxx Angela."

Note the oblique affection.

THERE is something more violent than you might expect from the Victorians. Jane Welsh Carlyle, waspish little wife of the dyspeptic sage, wrote on December 23, 1843, to Jeannie Welsh, her cousin:

"A thousand thanks my darling for your long good Christmas letter and also for the prospective footstool; anything like a worthy answer you have small chance of getting from me today or any day this week. I have just had to swallow a bumper of my uncle's Madeira (which is *capital* drink!) to nerve me for writing at all! A huge boxful of dead animals arrived late on Saturday night, together with the visions of Scrooge, had so

worked on Carlyle's nervous organization that he has been seized with a perfect convulsion of hospitality. . . ."

Exhausted, Mrs. Carlyle rises from a sick-bed to go to the Macready's Christmas party at which Thomas, seeing her, remarks: "I think I never saw you look more bilious; your face is green and your eyes all bloodshot!" which is a typical husband's Christmas remark.

At the party, says Jane to her cousin, "Dickens and Forster above all exerted themselves till the perspiration was pouring down and they seemed *drunk* with their efforts. Only think of that excellent Dickens playing the conjuror for one whole hour. . . . Then the dancing. Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make *me* waltz with him. But I thought I did my part well enough in talking the maddest nonsense with him, Forster, Thackeray and Maclise. However, after supper Forster whirled me into the middle of it and *made* me dance! . . . once I cried out: 'You are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors!' to which he answered: 'Brains? Who cares about brains here? Let them go!' In fact, the whole thing was rising into something not unlike the rape of the Sabines!"

I THINK that is the most generous thank you for a prospective footstool there can have been in history.

There is also the small girl's letter, which can often be far more cruel than the small girl thinks.

She has something she actively dislikes, so writes:

"Dear Aunt Maud, Thank you for the jersey, and for all the trouble you took. I am glad you chose to give me a jersey instead of a book. I have such a lot of jerseys and not enough books. It is such a pretty yellow, too, and I have nothing else yellow to wear with it at all. I am so very grateful. Thank you very much. Jane."

There are also the letters to be written after a Christmas party. The bread-and-butters.

Uncle Gerald, who cannot stop talking about Gallipoli, writes: "Thank you my children. It gave me so much pleasure to find you knew just exactly the amount of sherry for the turtle soup. You made an old man very happy."

The best Thank You letter is the simplest. From a maiden aunt: "Thank you, darling. I did like Shakespeare's bawdy."

From a husband: "Good heavens. I never knew you had it in you. Now what shall I do to keep up with you?"

From a son: "It works all right."

From a daughter: "Dear Daddy, could I have a scarf to go with it, because I love you."



"I think I never saw you look more bilious . . ."

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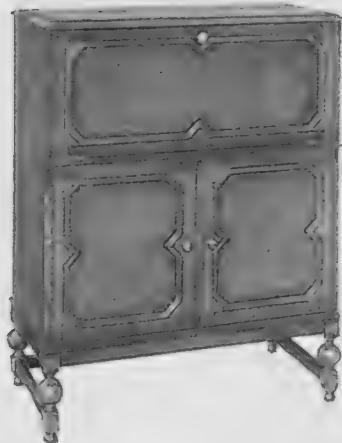
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NYLONS WITH A FLAIR FOR WEAR

(Continuing from page 11)

THREE DECEMBERS AT WINDSOR

Early in the summer, it had been remarked how tired and worn—almost haggard—the Prince had been looking; but he had refused all suggestions that he should curtail his list of engagements.

In spite of "not feeling too well"—"*Ich bin recht elend*," "I feel very done up," he remarked to the Queen—he insisted on going down to Sandhurst, to inspect the new buildings for the Staff College and the Royal Military Academy. It was the day following "dear Pussy's" birthday, and afterwards the Prince told the Queen of the "*entsetzlicher Regen*"—the terrific rain—which had greeted the visiting party at Sandhurst, and which had soaked him to the skin.

He returned to Windsor by two o'clock, complaining of "being tired."

On the day following—November 23—he seemed better, and went shooting, for several hours, with Prince Ernst of Leiningen. On his return to Windsor, he was greeted with the news of the King of Portugal's death.

The next day he walked to the Duchess of Kent's mausoleum at Frogmore, with the Queen and the Royal children, and on the following day insisted on visiting the Prince of Wales at Madingley.

AND then, on November 28, came the thunderbolt of the Trent Affair.

Captain Wilkes, of the Federal American warship *San Jacinto* had fired across the bows of a British ship, *Trent*. When *Trent's* captain had hove-to, Wilkes had come aboard with a party and had removed two passengers: Messrs. Mason and Sidell, the accredited diplomatic envoys of the Confederate States to Britain and France respectively.

Upon which the Prime Minister's first act—and a most popular one it was—was to order the immediate dispatch of eight thousand troops to Canada.

Of all the men in high positions in Britain at that time, perhaps only one saw the Trent Affair in its true importance—not as an "affront to British dignity," nor even as "an outrage on international law"—but as a threat to Anglo-American unity. Most Britons had a sentimental sympathy with the South: the Prince saw that it was not only inevitable, but desirable, that the North should win—for it was necessary to the peace of the world that the Union should survive. He saw what too few people saw with him: that the North-South conflict was not one for the suppression or continuation of slavery, but for the suppression or the continuation of the Union.

The Prince summoned up his remaining strength, and demanded that he see the draft of the Note to be sent to the Federal Government.

The corrections, in the Prince's own hand, are in a shaky script—there is nothing waver-

ing or faltering in the judgment which guided those corrections. Had the Note been sent as originally drafted, there would have been war. By "toning down" the Note—and saving Federal "face"—Albert prevented that greatest of all world-tragedies: an Anglo-American enmity.

CHRISTMAS was coming: the Feast of the Prince of Peace. With his last strength, Albert the Good had stopped a war. . . .

He collapsed—his task done.

"I found him lying on the bed in the Blue Room. . . ."

For days he lingered on, now falling into a coma, now rallying to a charming, touching cheerfulness or dropping momentarily into a resigned sadness—"Das reicht hin" (Enough!) he once sighed, his eyes full of tears.

His daughter Alice had the piano moved into the adjoining room, and amid the Christmas decorations going up, she played her dying father his favourite tunes, among them the

of Royal servants have been sent to Buckingham Palace. "

The journal added:

"Dr. Jenner remains at Osborne in attendance upon Her Majesty."

The forty-year agony had begun. . . .

1899

A HARD, bitter winter; with hard, bitter news coming in. The Modder River disaster had shaken something more than the complacency of the British people—it had shaken the world's trust in the "invincibility" of the great British Empire.

The casualties in the Modder River defeat had made disaster a personal affair for the whole British people—the Queen not least among them. Great names as well as humble had been among the killed. General Wauchope and the Marquess of Winchester had fallen alongside of the rank and file. Remembering another bereaved woman, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany, drove over to Farnborough, on Christmas Day, to visit the Empress Eugénie, whose son had been killed, as a British officer, at Isandhlwana, twenty years before.

On "Pussy's" birthday, the Prince of Wales had driven to Waterloo to see Lord Roberts off to South Africa. "Fighting Mac"—Hector Macdonald, had gone by the same boat, to replace General Wauchope as commander of the Highland Brigade. They were difficult days for the Queen.

THERE was but one more Christmas for her—and she was aware that she had not long to wait to rejoin "dear, dear Albert."

He had gone on ahead, but he had left much behind. All the courage that she had shown in the forty years of loneliness owed much to his high example. She had not let disaster break her, any more than (she knew) it would have broken him.

She remembered him. She recalled he had loved the simple folk—the common people. Had worked for them, to improve their lot. Much of what is now accepted "Socialist" legislation owes itself to the Prince's liberal ideas.

So, on Boxing Day, 1899, the Queen entertained some unusual guests.

"In the afternoon, Her Majesty gave a tea-party to which many of the wives and families of the soldiers serving in South Africa were invited. The entertainment took place in St. George's Hall. The Christmas tree stood at the east end, and nearly reached the ceiling. The ornamentation of the tree was undertaken by several of the Princesses . . . who superintended the arrangement of the bons-bons, sweets and toys. . . ."

"The Queen, after seeing the women and children seated, left the hall for a time, and, on returning, was wheeled round the tables by her attendants, occasionally speaking a few words to the visitors. The Queen was assisted in the distribution of the Christmas tree gifts by several of the Princesses, and remained in the hall till the close of the entertainment."

She had seen all the faces of Christmas. And now, in the very darkening of the shadows, she knew that all the faces were the same, and that all were radiant with the ineffable light of enduring love. . . .

THE END



heart-strengthening assurance: *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*.

"*Liebes Frauchen* . . ."—"dear little wife"—he called his Victoria. "*Gutes Frauchen*," he said, and kissed me; and then gave a sort of piteous moan, not of pain, but as if he felt that he was leaving me . . . he seemed to wander and doze. . . ."

He was, indeed, leaving her. Leaving all.

He died on December 14, and a Society journal of the time carried this item in its next issue:

HAUT TON

"On Thursday week, at noon, the Queen left Windsor in the strictest privacy. No person was on the platform at the Windsor station but Lord A. Paget, not even a royal servant was in attendance. The Queen had already adopted mourning clothes, including the widow's cap. As Her Majesty will be secluded as possible whilst at Osborne, more than one-half of the usual number

Social Celebrities . . .



Wherever you find fashion, you find Vayle fully-fashioned nylons. And why? Because only with stockings shaped to the leg do you get that smooth fit and ankle cling worthy of smart clothes. And you can't wash that perfect shaping

out. Be full-fashion minded and always look your best! With tweeds, wear Vayle 51 gauge — sheer but hardy. For sheer wear every day, trust Vayle 66 or 60 gauge. For your most luxurious moments — incomparable Vayle 75's.

Vayle

fully fashioned Scottish nylons



"I see a relief train leaving platform 7 at 6.35..."

*It began just like any other Christmas morning; the children up at dawn
unpacking their presents; the postman's rat-a-tat at breakfast-time
—more excitement. Then Father mysteriously disappeared. Where?
Suddenly the crunch of wheels on the gravel drive,
and Father with — A NEW STANDARD CAR!
'A Happy Christmas — family!' he cried.
But we all knew that it meant much more than that—for us all
— happy motoring days for years to come!*



THE STANDARD SUPER TEN

4 forward hinged, fully opening doors. 4 cylinder, 948 c.c. engine. 40/50 miles per gallon. Maximum speed 68 miles per hour. Girling hydraulic brakes. Triplex toughened glass. Spacious luggage boot with separate compartment for spare wheel. Adjustable front seats. Steel panelled body, rustproofed by Bonderising process and fully dustproofed.

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Look at the gleaming elegance of the graceful Super Snipe—feel the deep-seat luxury of the spacious interior with its impeccable finish—experience the blithe nonchalance with which the engine whispers at 90 and you'll know the exhilaration of perfect motoring . . . and at a price that puts Humber first for fine-car value.

Now available with OVERDRIVE as an extra.



HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



By Appointment
to the late King George VI
Motor Car Manufacturers
Humber Ltd.

A Christmas Quiz

1. What was the nickname of the Earl of Huntingdon, who died on Christmas Eve, 1247?
2. Who said of whom that his writing about Christmas was a "kind of happy howl?"
3. What is said to be the origin of "Yule tide?"
4. In medieval times Christmas was sometimes called "The Feast of . . . ?"
5. The palm tree is known to put out a shoot every month. In which country was a spray of this tree set up on December 25 as a symbol of the year's completion?
6. In what year was the first Christmas Card designed?
7. Which is the only area in the world where the turkey is found wild?
8. The Wassail bowl traditionally was filled with lamb's wool. What is this?
9. What is the secret of keeping the brandy covered Christmas pudding alight on its way to the table?
10. How many of the quotations on page 44 do you recognize?
11. Why "Boxing" Day?

[Answers on page 60]



THIS CHRISTMAS—Give the Best



Made in Sheffield in hammered finish, with traditional glass base, and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes.

1/2 pt. Tankard	—	27/6
1 pt. Tankard	—	37/6



In colourful outer: with a picturesque illustration of seasonable character.
50 State Express 555 cigarettes — 9/9
100 State Express 555 cigarettes — 19/7



Styled in the traditional State Express 555 manner, this Presentation Cabinet in Primrose and Gold contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes — 30/-

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the costliest perfume in the world

1/4 oz. £5.3.6 1/2 oz. £7.19.9 1 oz. £12.18.9 2 oz. £22.10.0



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Have the Gay Gordon's for Christmas

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Gordon's DRY GIN

No Christmas is complete without it. Gordon's Gin has a most favourable influence on tonic water, fruit squash, vermouth. Bottle 33/9d; 1/2 bottle 17/7d; 1/4 bottle 9/2d; Miniature 3/7d.

Six Gordon's "SHAKER" COCKTAILS

Each one mixed by experts and ready to serve. Ensures success of any party. PICCADILLY—DRY MARTINI—MARTINI—BRONX—PERFECT—FIFTY-FIFTY. Bottle 21/-; 1/2 bottle 11/3d; Miniature 2/5d.



*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

*All prices U.K. only



Gordon's ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

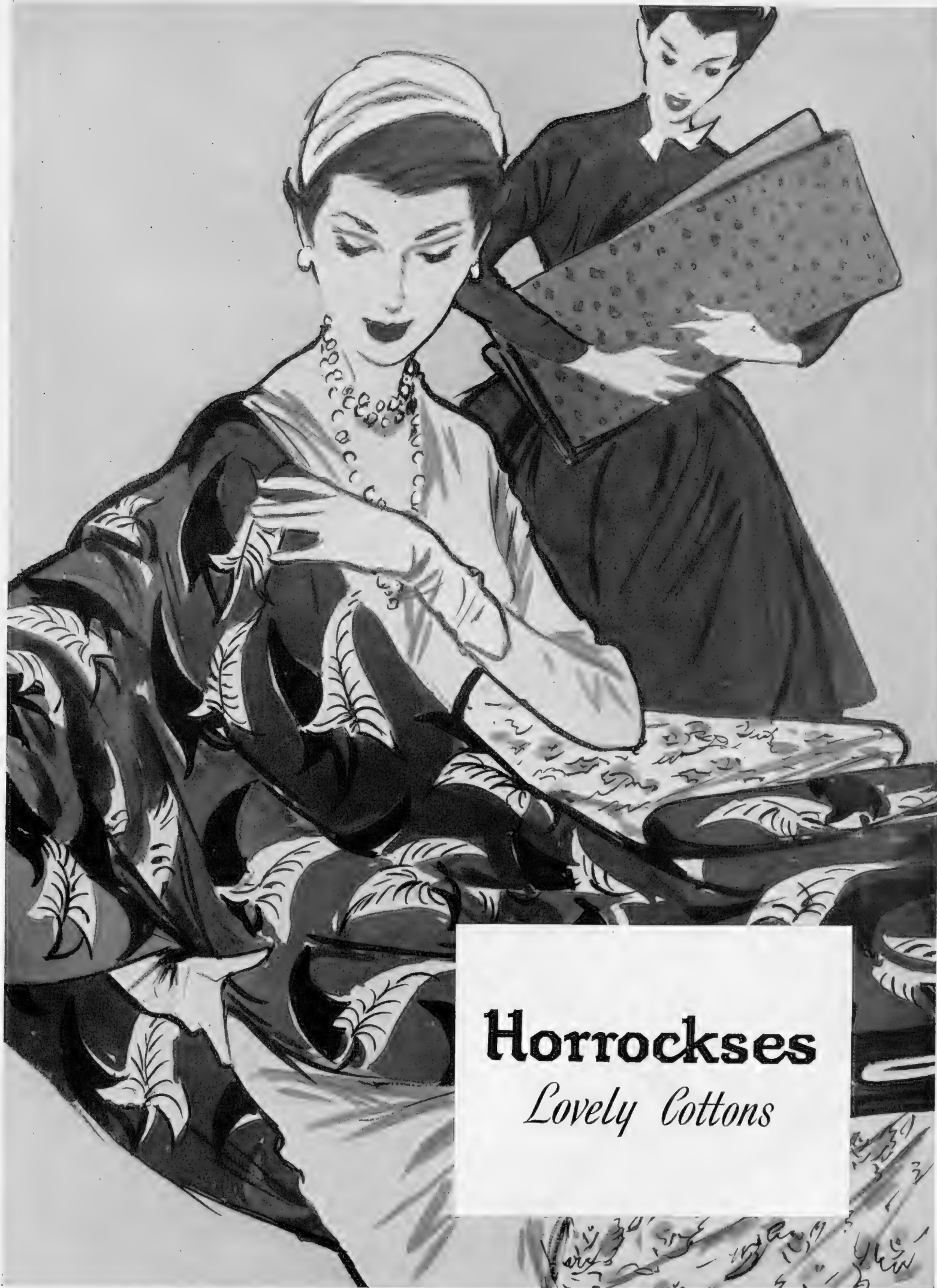
Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred. Bottle 32/-; 1/2 bottle 16/9; Miniature 3/5d.

molho
for Mink



"Write for photographs of other models".

35 Brook St. W.I. Retail Salon

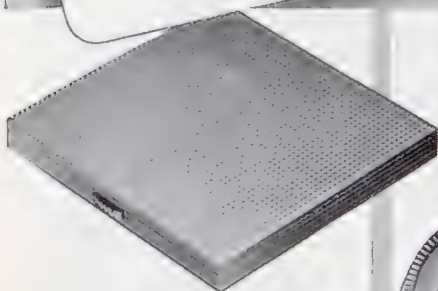


Horrockses
Lovely Cottons

By appointment Silversmiths & Jewellers
to H.M. The Queen

Asprey

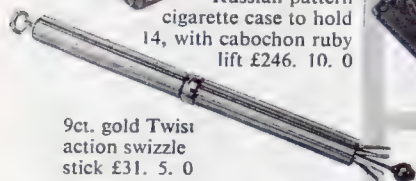
GIFTS IN GOLD



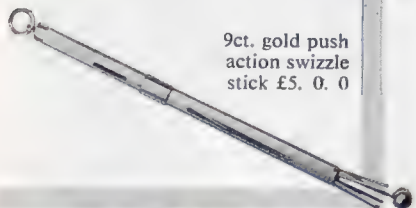
9ct. gold cigarette case
to hold 10, with diamond
push piece £188. 10. 0



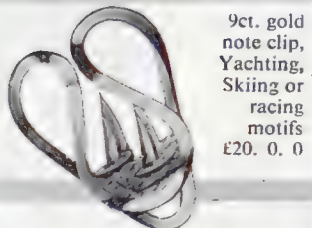
9ct. gold
Russian pattern
cigarette case to hold
14, with cabochon ruby
lift £246. 10. 0



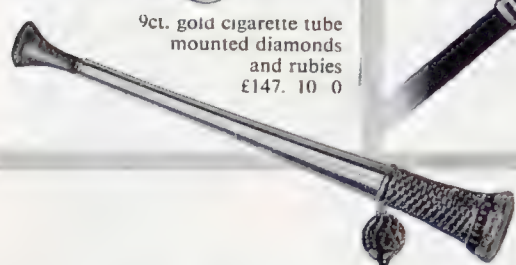
9ct. gold Twist
action swizzle
stick £31. 5. 0



9ct. gold push
action swizzle
stick £5. 0. 0



9ct. gold
note clip,
Yachting,
Skiing or
racing
motifs
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and rubies
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"Datejust"
with magnified
calendar aperture
£217. 10. 0



18ct. gold
Omega
Constellation
certified
chronometer
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watch with wide
flexible bracelet, by
Jaeger le Coultre
£109. 0. 0



9ct. gold ladies'
Omega wrist
watch £47. 10. 0



"I don't feel like a messenger of good will"

Continuing from page 57

Christmas Quiz Answers

1. Robin Hood.
2. G. K. Chesterton of Charles Dickens.
3. When King Arthur inaugurated the Feast of Christmas at York in the sixth century the English called the festival "Jule-tide," substituting Julius Caesar for Saturn after the Saturnalia of the Romans.
4. Fools.
5. Egypt.
6. 1843 by J. C. Horsley, R.A.
7. North America.
8. Hot ale mixed with the pulp of roasted apples, sugared and spiced.
9. To heat both the brandy and the plate.
10. Those by Aubrey, Donne, George Washington and G. B. Shaw are apocryphal.
11. Boxes placed in churches for casual offerings used to be opened on Christmas Day, and the contents distributed next day. It was called "The Day of the Christmas Box."

Solution of Crossword on page 6

ACROSS: 1. Black & White. 10. Earnings. 11. Masonic. 12. Lilt. 13. Blend. 15. Best. 17. Sad. 19. Whisky. 21. Posset. 22. Aeolian. 23. Latest. 25. Tinder. 27. Pen. 29. V.I.P.'s. 30. Sarum. 31. Anti. 34. Utopian. 35. Merrier. 36. Welcome guests.

DOWN: 2. Lorelei. 3. Chin. 4. Angels. 5. Demand. 6. Host. 7. Tanners. 8. Mellow flavour. 9. Scots terriers. 14. Earlier. 16. Ukase. 18. Tonic. 20. Yet. 21. Pat. 24. Tophole. 26. Dentist. 27. Paynim. 28. Nutmeg. 32. Disc. 33. Free.



Christmas time and any time
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
the first name you think of in biscuits





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You can tell a Vantella by its comfort, its room in the chest, its convenient coat-style cut. You recognize its good looks, its tidiness at neck and wrist. You know its refusal to wilt from wear or to shrink from the wash. (All credit there to the discipline of its **Van Heusen** collars, cuffs, neckband!) The price — 49/—, and well worth every penny!

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Some contributors to this number



Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which derives from the original TATLER of 1709, was once the pseudonym of its founder Richard Steele. Today it is the pen-name of one of the leading epicures of the age, James Hall. His predecessor on this journal was the late Gordon Beckles, who conducted the "Dining Out" feature for many years. James Hall, who is a Chevalier du Tastevin, and a Freeman of the City of London, was a boon companion of the late Hilaire Belloc. Between 1922 and 1930 he obtained nearly 170 world records as a racing motor cyclist.

Margery Allingham, creator of the Mr. Campion novels of detection, began her writing career at sixteen when her first novel, an adult story of piracy, was published. *The Beckoning Lady* (May, 1955) is the latest report on her hero, but *Tethers End*, due next year, is a study in dramatic suspense which is considered the most exciting yet recorded from this leading author. The daughter and grand-daughter of Editors, her forbears have been writers of "bloods" for many generations. Her first short story was published when she was eight.



Paul Holt, who conducts the "Round-about" column for The TATLER each week, was for many years a columnist for the *Daily Express* and is now a critic of theatre and cinema elsewhere. During the war he was an official war correspondent in Russia from the beginning of that campaign. He joined the U.S. First Army in Normandy in June 1944, and subsequently was with the British Second Army in the invasion, ultimately covering the German surrender to Field-Marshal Montgomery at Lüneburg.

Nancy Spain, a great niece of the original Mrs. Beeton, had a distinguished career in the W.R.N.S. and was the author of *Thank You—Nelson*, before becoming an eminent journalist and literary critic. She has written a number of successful detective stories featuring Miriam Birdseye, who can be identified by the knowledgeable as one of our leading revue artists. Always a successful broadcaster, she has recently become a leading lady of the brighter TV panels where her personality and considerable wit have found a huge and appreciative audience. She has played cricket for England.



D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the original "Beachcomber," is a leading literary historian. *François Villon* (1928), *Ronsard* (1944) and *James Boswell* (1946) are authoritative studies. His most recent work is *The Soul Of Marshal Gilles de Raiz* (1952). "Standing By" is his weekly feature in The TATLER and he is also known by the pseudonym "Timothy Shy." The type of humour he introduced more than thirty years ago has had many imitators, but its quality and polish remain unequalled and instantly recognizable.



Meet Mr Brandyman

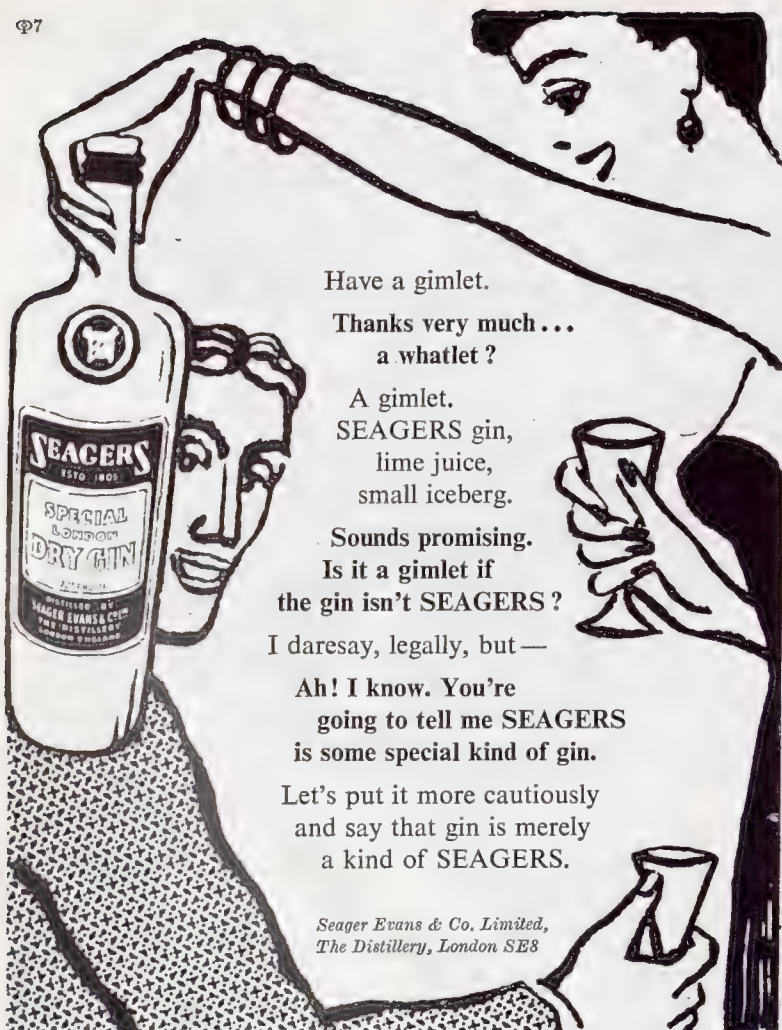
He's the perfect host for Christmas festivities. Such a good mixer. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

Make friends with

MARTELL

BRANDY

Q7



Have a gimlet.
Thanks very much...
a whatlet?

A gimlet.
SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.

Sounds promising.
Is it a gimlet if
the gin isn't SEAGERS?

I daresay, legally, but —
Ah! I know. You're
going to tell me SEAGERS
is some special kind of gin.

Let's put it more cautiously
and say that gin is merely
a kind of SEAGERS.

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The Distillery, London SE8*

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★ Noilly Prat is still bottled in France in the traditional large vermouth bottle.



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—neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into and then dropped into the vermouth.
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—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

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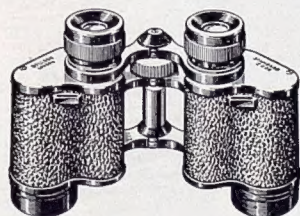
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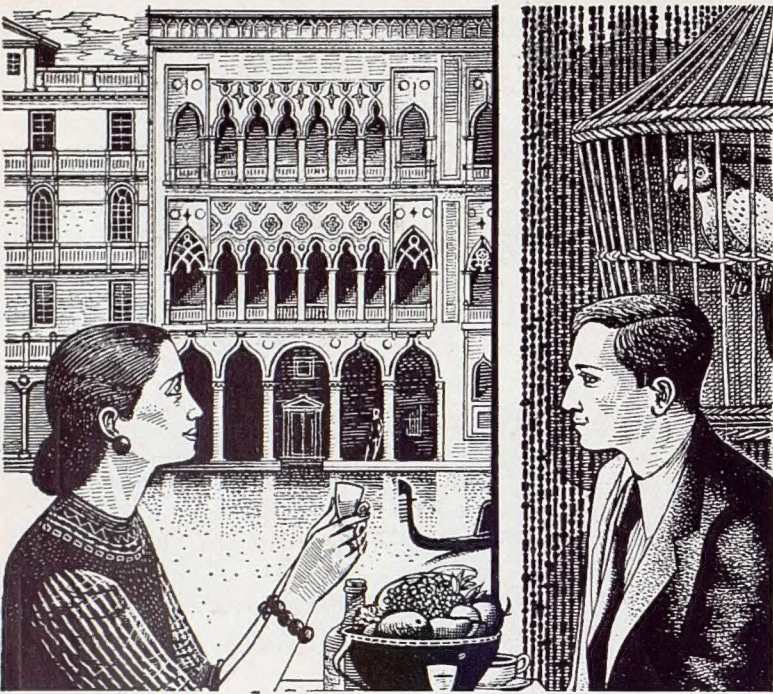
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**The
Salvation
Army**



Smart of them—
to give
each other

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Father (who must have his little joke) says he's like a Christmas tree — *spruce*. And so he is in his new Aertex Snugfit shirt. Though it's informal it's very presentable and very present-worthy. It's as warm in winter as it's cool in summer. And it offers itself in a choice of about thirty different shades and patterns. Its price (not the least of its virtues) starts at 30/-



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